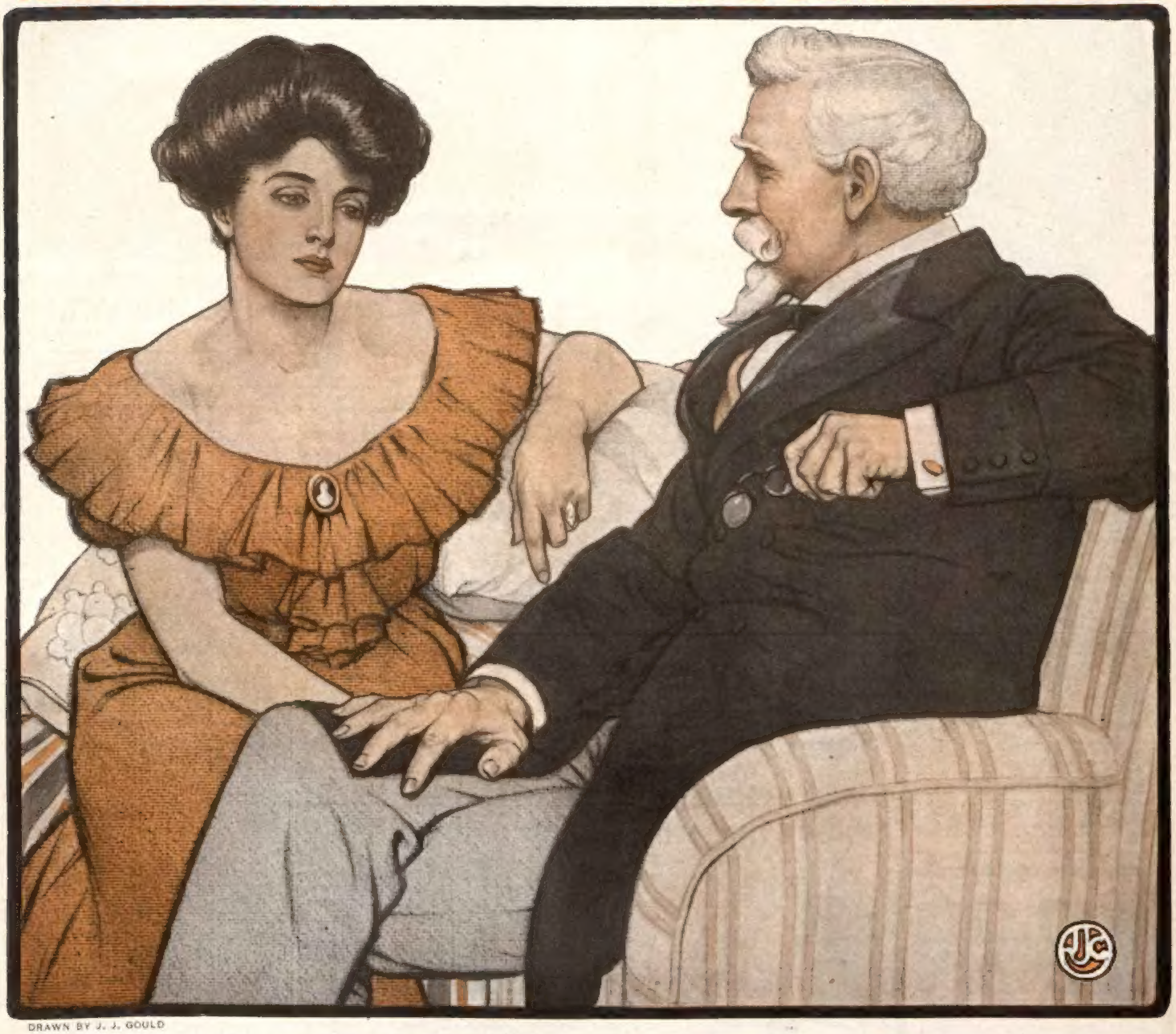
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 12, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



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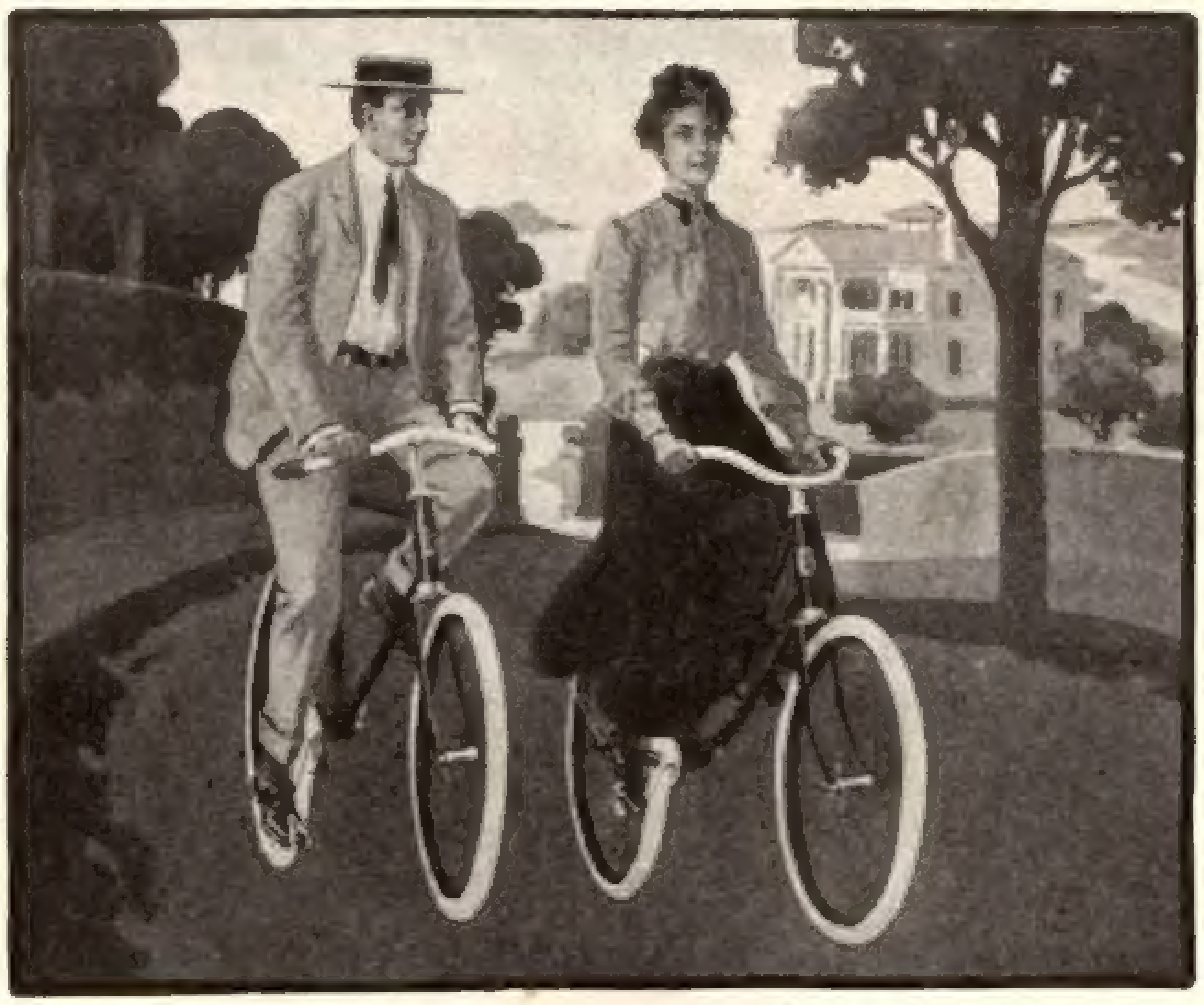

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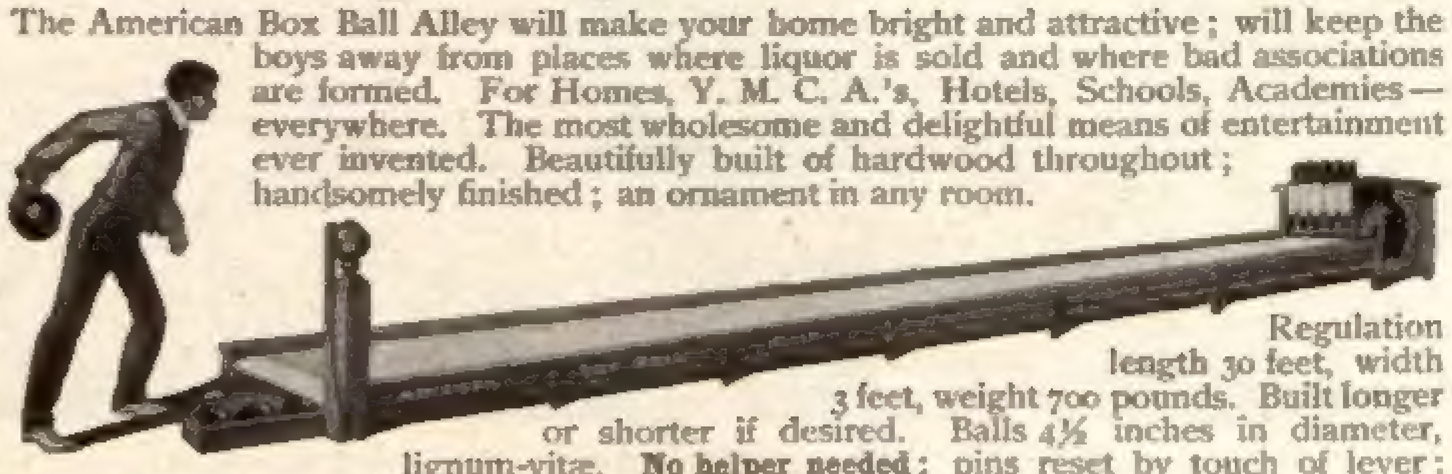

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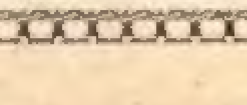

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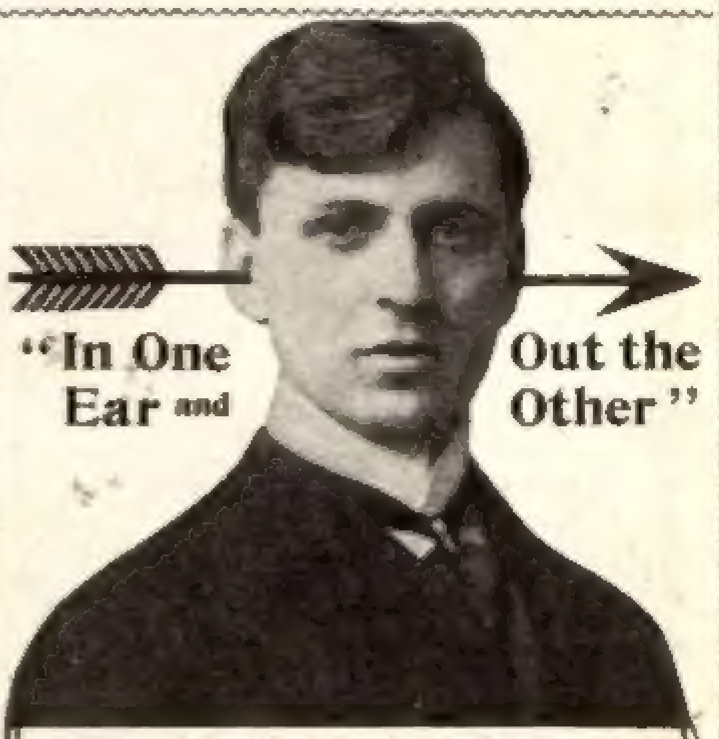

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McKINLEY AND HANNA

A Study of Hanna the Man, and the Ruling Passion of His Life

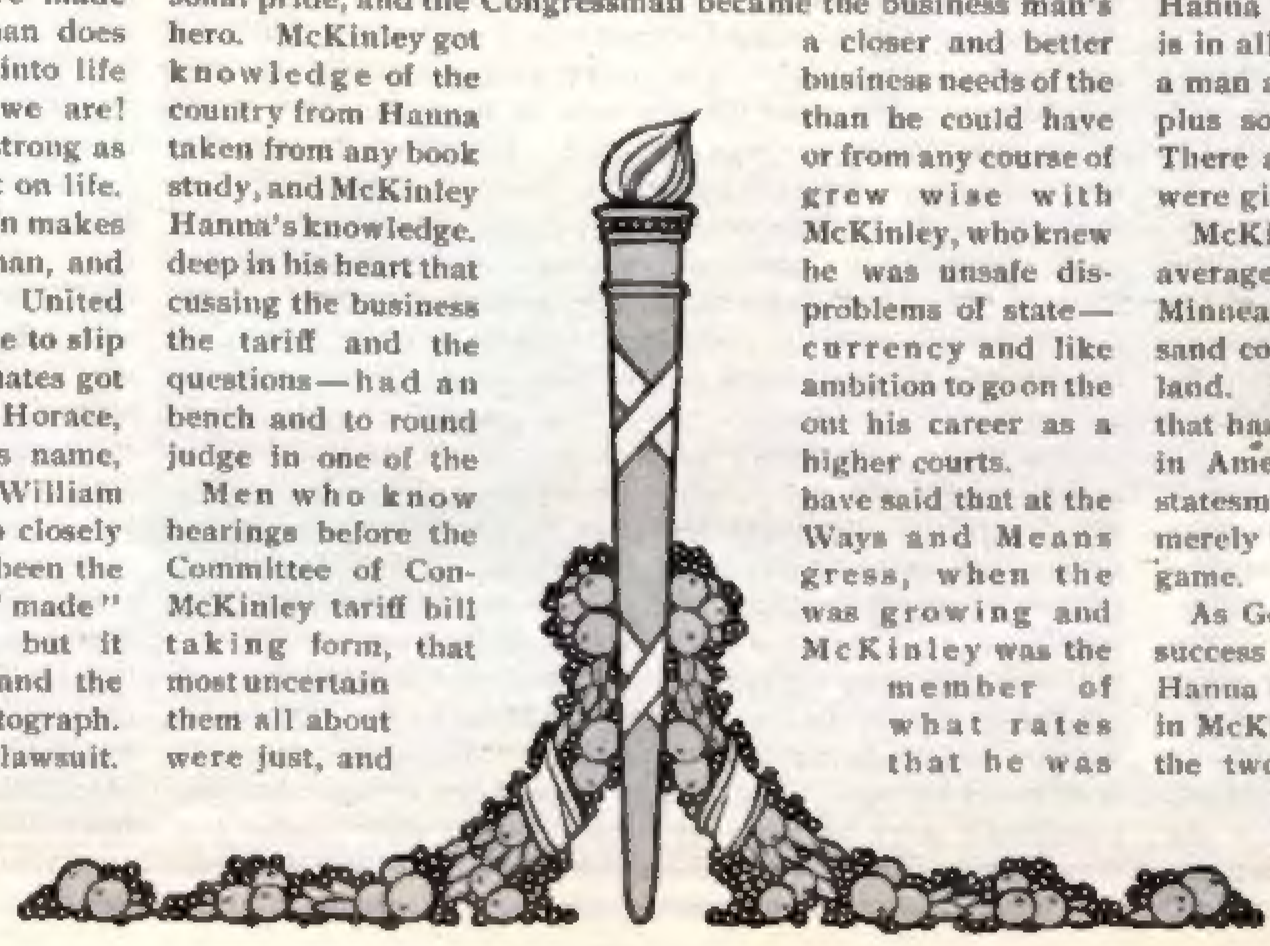
BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

UNITED STATES Senator Marcus A. Hanna, who has just died, may not leave a great name in American history. Yet he was a strong, simple soul, who under some circumstances and in an emergency might have risen to a prominence rarely equaled by American statesmen. The opportunity did not come, and Hanna has gone, leaving as the sum of his influence in the world the mark of a frank, virile character upon the limited number of human beings whom it is possible for one man to meet and know in the course of a brief and busy life. No important law and no important tendency of legislation may be put to Hanna's credit on the books of his country. And though he deserves much praise for his generalship of the fight for sound money in 1896, it must be remembered that he had by far the larger number of soldiers and the stronger sinews of war, and that, anyway, it was a captain's fight. If Hanna had not been the leader some one else would have led; and if not so successfully, at least he would have won. And although Hanna won brilliantly, and followed the success of '96 with a still greater political victory four years later, with the odds still more in his favor, political generals are not of the stuff that American heroes are made of, and Hanna in a generation from now will be almost as unknown for his political manipulations as are the party leaders of the last generation.

The only claim Mark Hanna will have on fame will be his claim as a most interesting human being. Hanna was a storage battery of those peculiar traits and hereditaments of the old Adam that we call humanity. We call them peculiar because, though we all have them in a more or less degree, society and the conventions of organized life have made most of us ashamed to show them, and when a man does show his red blood and does put his heart visibly into life we call him peculiar. What a world of masks we are! There are, of course, hundreds of men in America as strong as Hanna was, and as frank and direct in their attack on life. Humanity does not make men famous, but when a man makes the passion of his life a manly love for another man, and when that other happens to be a President of the United States, the party of the first part has a possible chance to slip into the temple of fame on his friend's ticket. Achates got in thus with Æneas, Mæcenas was admitted with Horace, Boswell earned his ticket and put it in Johnson's name, and there is no reason why Mark Hanna and William McKinley shall be separated in death who were so closely united in life—for in this life neither would have been the man he was but for the other. Not that Hanna "made" McKinley, nor that McKinley "made" Hanna; but it required each to fill out what the other lacked, and the composite flattered them both, as we say of a photograph.

Hanna and McKinley met thirty years ago in a lawsuit. Hanna, an employer of labor, was trying to get some rioting strikers punished for destroying property. McKinley was the attorney for the strikers. During the trial of the suit the two young men became friends. They met upon the terms that they maintained till the end—public man and man of business. Although he went through to the thirty-third degree Hanna was never a politician and little of a public man—he was always the business man in politics, and McKinley for thirty years was the public man, the politician, and at last the statesman. Hanna had relations with men as individuals—thousands of men; McKinley had relations with the people. Thus they dovetailed their lives. McKinley admired young Hanna's strength and vigor of mind, his frankness, his raw honesty, his ability to handle men in the concrete—the individual man. Hanna took McKinley to his bosom for his gentleness, his infinite kindness and patience with things and people and issues that Hanna must have thought stupid and unimportant. Hanna was blunt and brusque and humorous; McKinley was cautious, reserved and most extraordinarily serious—so serious that at times he was almost ponderous. Hanna, who was coaxed into politics to lend the strength of a business man's presence to various State and Congressional delegations that Garfield and his friends were forming in Ohio, stayed in politics after Garfield's death, partly because it was fun and he liked the excitement of it, and partly because he found it paid him for his time; and thus Hanna and McKinley were thrown together more and more. Hanna was interested in the tariff; his business made him a Protectionist. Environment made it necessary for McKinley to be a Protectionist. Hanna's business gave him a conviction that Protection was right which amounted to a deep moral belief; McKinley's relations with his people made it necessary for him to study the Protection side of the tariff question as a lawyer looks up his case, and McKinley became the tariff champion of Ohio. If he had been running for Congress three hundred miles south of Ohio it is fair to assume that McKinley would have been on the other side of the lawsuit. Until he came to the White House McKinley had never been distinguished as a man who championed what the people should have, but rather he was known as one who knew what the people desired. As a Congressman he studied their wishes rather than their needs; and Hanna was Protection incarnate. So McKinley bestowed on Hanna admiration as sincere and respect as ardent as a repressed soul can give to its fellows. Hanna was more than the young politician's client: Hanna was the human representative of McKinley's political creed. But Hanna gave McKinley his heart.

In Congress McKinley's achievements were Hanna's personal pride, and the Congressman became the business man's hero. McKinley got a closer and better knowledge of the business needs of the country from Hanna than he could have taken from any book or from any course of study, and McKinley grew wise with Hanna's knowledge. McKinley, who knew deep in his heart that he was unsafe discussing the business problems of state—the tariff and the currency and like questions—had an ambition to go on the bench and to round out his career as a judge in one of the higher courts. Men who know have said that at the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, when the McKinley tariff bill was growing and taking form, that McKinley was the most uncertain member of them all about what rates were just, and that he was liable to change his mind twice or three times on any item. He studied hard and worked with his problem. He was on the Ways and Means Committee as his second choice. Reed's election as Speaker forced the checkers to move that way, and when he was defeated for Congress in 1890 it was Hanna hero-worship that made McKinley go to the people for indorsement as Governor in '91.



Hanna had an ambition higher than McKinley's for McKinley. It was Hanna who first saw the White House at the end of McKinley's road. Hanna caught a glimpse of it in '92 when Harrison was nominated for the second time, and though McKinley was one of the first of the Middle States Governors to make a trip to Indianapolis to assure Harrison of the Ohio support when the anti-Harrison men began to talk of Blaine, McKinley sat at a dinner given by Hanna to a group of Harrison's opponents at Minneapolis, and heard Hanna discuss the possibility of defeating Harrison in the convention about to open by switching the Harrison opposition from Blaine to McKinley. Hanna was a man of simple, direct methods. He was not troubled with an inflamed and ingrown conscience, and out of his heart his mouth spoke. McKinley sat by and said nothing, for he knew politics. He probably knew that it was a vain hope his friend cherished, and that the nomination of Harrison was on the cards. So when they made McKinley chairman of the convention he spoke glowing words of Harrison and smiled kindly at his friend with the superior smile that politicians give business men who intrude. This is written not to show that McKinley and Hanna were intriguers, but to show that in life humanity is in all of us, and that the greatest and best of men is still a man and not a demigod. A great man is an average man plus some unusual development of one or two faculties. There are no giants in these days, and maybe there never were giants. Maybe there were only stories of giants.

McKinley and Hanna were great men, but they were also average men in the main, and the thing that happened at Minneapolis has happened in miniature at a hundred thousand county conventions and State conventions all over the land. Indeed, probably little happens at the White House that has not been enacted before in every county courthouse in America. The difference between the average run of statesmanship and the average run of peanut politics is merely in the size of the counters and not in the rules of the game.

As Governor of Ohio McKinley was neither a remarkable success nor a failure—he was a good average Governor. But Hanna had made of the ambition to be President a fixed star in McKinley's heaven. The contest for the nomination drew the two men together closer than they had come before. Hanna built a steel-ribbed, fireproof machine for McKinley in Ohio, the like of which was never known before and may never be known again, for it was held together not by politicians but by business interests. It was a close corporation with the voting stock in the hands of Hanna as general manager. It had one object: a tariff for Protection. McKinley as Governor went on signing requisition papers, appointing State boards, making occasional speeches, and performing the perfunctory duties of his office and keeping out of all issues and entanglements that might embarrass a Presidential candidate. Ohio never had a more cautious Governor. Unconsciously he covered himself with conservatism. Hanna, on the other hand, had released his spirit of combativeness and was giving himself full swing. With the fighting enthusiasm of a gladiator he organized the political syndicate in business circles that named McKinley for President. He opened a branch office in every Northern State and interested equally machine politicians and business men who were beneficiaries of the tariff. He floated his Presidential stock everywhere with a daring and frankness that astounded McKinley's enemies and gave his friends that show of success which is two-thirds of a political battle. In the South Hanna held the mercenary politicians in the hollow of his hand. He minced no words and used no hoity-toity phraseology in dealing with them. Business was business, and that ended it. Probably the only place on earth where Hanna covered the artillery of his blunt language was in McKinley's presence. There Hanna spoke of his bargains as "arrangements," and referred to his deals as "combinations." What McKinley knew and what he did not know about the manipulation of delegates from the South that nominated him for President is, of course, a matter of mere conjecture, but when he was elected he turned the South over to Hanna.

How Men Have Misread Hanna

ALL through the campaign for the first nomination for President McKinley was complacent under his plaster cast of gubernatorial dignity. Days and nights and Sundays he wore the josslike countenance that politicians put on for public functions, until his features became set to it. But in all his dealing with great things, and in all his moving as a real man through real events of world-wide importance during those days of '94 and '95 and '96, Hanna never could assume what has been called the poker face. His mobile lips twitched when his mouth was full of angry words and he spat them out. He glared with his big, frank, hearty eyes, or he smiled with them, and those about him made no mistake in his meaning. Only in this they misread Hanna, and it was cruel and unjust to him: men thought that his ambition for McKinley was ambition for personal power, ambition to control a President of the United States. The power that moved Hanna was fine and strong and clean as a father's love. Hanna worshiped McKinley. That worship was the one great passion of his life. It was utterly unselfish save as Hanna had invested his own reputation as a fighter in it, and had in the outcome of the game a consuming desire to win—for the stake is the largest in all the world.

When Platt, and Quay, and Reed, and the New England contingent of the Republican party changed the issue of the campaign of '96 from the tariff to the gold standard, Hanna, whose first thought was for McKinley's safety, sputtered a momentary protest and accepted the inevitable. McKinley, being a politician and used to sudden changes of figures on the chessboard, calmly ignored his silver speeches and took up the demand for "an honest dollar and a chance to earn it" with the seasoned zeal of an old convert. For McKinley was never rash. He handled himself with automatic poise. And in the campaign for sound money no one was so unruffled as he, who in his day had trod the path of dalliance—though quite circumspectly, to be sure—that led toward fiat money. But the advocates of sound money trusted McKinley after he became their candidate, and his record did not worry them any more than it worried him. They apparently construed his silver utterances as the Pickwickian deliverances of a gentleman indulging in the harmless pastime of soft-soaping the electorate. McKinley grew into their respect and confidence later, but when the gold standard champions in the Republican party took him they did not think particularly well of their bargain, though it was the best they could do.

Hanna was McKinley's bondsman. And the gold syndicate, which became the holding company of the stock of the tariff syndicate, regarded McKinley in the early days of the campaign of '96 as merely the plant in the vote-making business of which Hanna was general manager. When the two went to Washington, McKinley as President and Hanna as Senator, if the popular opinion of their relations had unconsciously affected Hanna's sense of the real facts McKinley disillusioned his friend quickly. For after the two had gotten John Sherman out of the Senate and into the Cabinet, McKinley was President in fact as well as in name.

There was never a moment after the election of 1896 when Hanna was even fourth assistant President or chief clerk to a deputy. As President, McKinley kept Hanna—as he most of the time kept every other human being—in merely an official relation to him. McKinley was President, and Hanna was Senator from Ohio, and as chairman of the National Republican Committee he was *ex-officio* Senator from the South. McKinley was a consummate politician. Clear down to the core of his soul he was in politics. He played politics with Congress—perfectly honest politics, and as clean as the times would permit; he played politics with the people—always deferring to them when he could not persuade them, using them with craft rather than with force; he played politics with his Cabinet—picking its members with an adroitness that displayed his highest genius, so that no member of his Cabinet was indebted to a State boss or dominated by a United States Senator, and might, therefore, choose his subordinates fairly and honestly. And, finally, McKinley played politics with Hanna, his friend. When the Cabinet was formed Hanna found that he had no more influence with it than any other chairman of the National Committee might have had. Flesh and blood would have given Hanna a partnership in the Presidency, which would have been wrong and unjust to the people. But McKinley knew the equities and rules of his game and played fair with the people. He was not selfish; he was not ungrateful for what Hanna had done. But what Hanna had done was for a friend, for a man, not for a President, and the friend's affairs were not matter of prime importance to the President. His duties were purely official.

There are these degrees of intimacy at the White House: to shake hands with the President at a reception—that is the citizen's prerogative; to eat dinner there—which is an official perquisite; to eat luncheon there—which is a politician's royal arch degree; to go there for breakfast—which is the mark of Presidential friendship; to bring your valise and to sleep there—which is a distinction accorded to the Truly Great; and to bring a trunk and get your washing done there—that is to be a member of the household and to be accepted into full fellowship with the nation's ruler. Hanna brought his valise to the White House, but he always left his trunk at the hotel.

Hanna and McKinley were close enough friends to spat, to quarrel in a friendly way, and to wrangle a little. But if there was pouting to be done Hanna always had to do it, and to get over his pout, too, for that matter. But they say the President was always ready to forget, and as for McKinley—the man whom Hanna clove to as to a brother, McKinley whom Hanna addressed sometimes reverently as "William"—it is doubtful if Hanna saw McKinley as often as he wished to see him, and too many times had audiences with the President, whom Hanna did not always like, for the official cast was coating McKinley deeper and deeper as he grew older. He never stepped from his pedestal, not even when he was using his greatest strength and coming into his greatest glory; when the waves of public wrath at the delay of the war with Spain were beating in breakers about the White House. When McKinley, with the vision and courage of genius, was preparing for war and urging peace while the people cursed him for a poltroon he turned to them a calm, bronze face and did not wince under their lashing. It was the face of a ruler; but the man's face and the agony in the man's heart were hidden. With Lincoln at such times it was always the man that men saw; it was ever the grief writhing in his personal soul, not his public sorrow, that the nation caught. Lincoln was a great man; McKinley a great President. Each in times of popular fury was doing in secret what the people desired, and each for the time was compelled to forego the pleasure of confiding to the people his plans, knowing that in the end his would be the honor and the glory; but in his agony Lincoln's face furrowed, and heartache was written all around his closed lips. When McKinley passed through this ordeal in the spring of '98 the President's face did not quiver, whatever the man's soul may have suffered.

The Man and the Master

AND Hanna in that hour was a panic-stricken bondsman, who feared he should have to pay the forfeit. He was for peace. Wall Street was for peace; business everywhere was for peace. Hanna went on record publicly for peace. All that expostulation and unrestrained insistence could do for peace Hanna did. The vigor and simplicity of his nature were never more plainly seen of men than they were in the days before war was declared. But when he saw the inevitable approach he rallied to McKinley and was the President's faithful servant. And if he passed out to the good fellows at the gate an occasional loaf of bread in the form of an army commission or a contract, or a place as director of the Cuban posts, put it down to his gratitude to his friends, to the kindness that was in his frank, honest, brown eyes, rather than to cupidity or greed for spoils. For Hanna was a man who liked to keep out of debt politically, and he regarded a public office as a public trust that would stand considerable watering! But McKinley, who grew intellectually and in knowledge every day of his official life, did what he did in those hurrying days of the war always with clear eyes upon his duty. He was deceived sometimes, and mistaken sometimes, but he knew what the people had a right to expect, and he was ever faithful to the people, so far as a human being may be faithful. His hands were tied with many strings. The people were keen for war, but the politicians were as keen for jobs. Every office under the Government in that war was regarded as a job. Whether the applicant desired to be commander-in-chief of the army or commissary-sergeant, his friends in pushing him regarded the place as a job. The army was stiff-kneed and the navy was rusty; but for all that McKinley and the American people conducted that war with precision and vigor to the end. McKinley handled the soldiers with tact and the people with tact, and in closing up the affair the President handled the civilized world with tact. Hanna would have blurted out his real desire, and did, as far as that goes; but the President chose to let his opinions come from the people and then to appear not as a leader but as a follower of public thought.

This studied indirection must have irritated Hanna, but he was too loyal a friend to show it. He was ever the faithful heart. He was McKinley's guardian rather than his adviser. He was the stronger man, yet he did not dominate. Indeed, there were times when, in McKinley's presence, the bubbling humor of the Senator, his bold recognition of apparent facts, his incisive, unmincing metaphors which revealed his strong convictions and his frank prejudices, were turned by the furtive, bland, impartial McKinley into a kind of obsequious, abashed repression, and Hanna, almost squelched and ill at ease, simmered down from respectful inanition to enthusiastic silence as he watched the President play his game.

Always the Friend in Need

AS McKINLEY rounded his first term and turned into his second the relations between him and Hanna remained stationary. They did not grow closer, nor did they weaken. Hanna was always welcome at the White House, sometimes as United States Senator, sometimes as National Committee chairman, and often as friend. But *he* never went there in any other capacity than as friend, however he may have been received. His affection for McKinley never waned. Probably he always thought of him as "William," though he was as chary of that name in public as a schoolgirl is of her first lover's endearments. The President found other advisers, and came to trust their wisdom—for it was of a high order. Mr. Hay, and Mr. Root, and Mr. Knox, and General Wood, and Mr. Charles Emory Smith, and a score of others came into the President's councils. Some of these men liked Hanna; others disliked him. But he had but one friendship, one master passion: that was for McKinley's fame and welfare. He arranged, together with his friends in the Senate, a *modus vivendi* with "high finance" by the tacit terms of which the trusts were not to be disturbed. Hanna ironed out the wrinkled front of the Senate when it would have frowned at McKinley; Hanna was even ready to pare the horns of Protection that McKinley's reciprocity ideas might have full play. Always he was the friend in need; always his life was centred on McKinley's; always he was the soul of devotion.

He did what he did without rewards and without asking great favors. And the President, whose outlook was always official and large, paid back the kindness Hanna gave with such gentleness and manly gratitude as a man may bestow upon another, and gave no official bric-à-brac that belonged to the people, even if Hanna asked for it. Hanna's friend, Rathbone, when the truth was known about him, got no favors from McKinley; and Bristow, who ferreted out the Cuban crookedness, was shielded from Hanna's wrath. For McKinley was just. He was so just, indeed, so impartial, so colorlessly fair that his personality is elusive. We know men best by their faults, by their little human weaknesses; in the shadow of these their great virtues stand out more clearly. But McKinley had no little vices. He was truthful without being exactly frank, and brave without being sufficiently candid about it for the people to realize it. He was so careful that his style in writing reads like a sheriff's sale notice, full of restrictions and exceptions and painful exactitudes. His whole life seems to have been spent before an audience. He was a public servant continuously for a generation, and became so cautious lest he should tread on a public corn that any private character he may have had was hidden. His life seems as public as the existence of a statue in a park. He turned to marble so easily that there were no warts and imperfections to ignore when animation left the clay. His very deathbed was as it should have been.

The realest man in it all did not seem to be the dying President but the stocky little man who came in clicking his cane, and walked over to the bed, and looked long and lovingly at the stricken figure in stupor, and finally broke out with a horrible sob: "William—William—don't you know me?" That was real; that was anguish. A man who is strong and virile has strong emotions, but generally has strength to check them. But Hanna cried like a child at McKinley's deathbed. His soul was smitten with a thunderbolt of woe. He has lived these two years without his heart in life. He has been a broken wheel, whirling wildly at times and off the balance. Age has crept upon him and found him powerless to go on. For his heart, and all that made him the fine figure that his contemporaries have come to love, the spirit that moved him above things earthly, lies buried in the tomb at Canton. For he probably knew, even if from afar, the heart that no one else knew, the real soul that hid itself from men under the cover of official garments—the soul that shone in kindness and gentleness through all the life of William McKinley.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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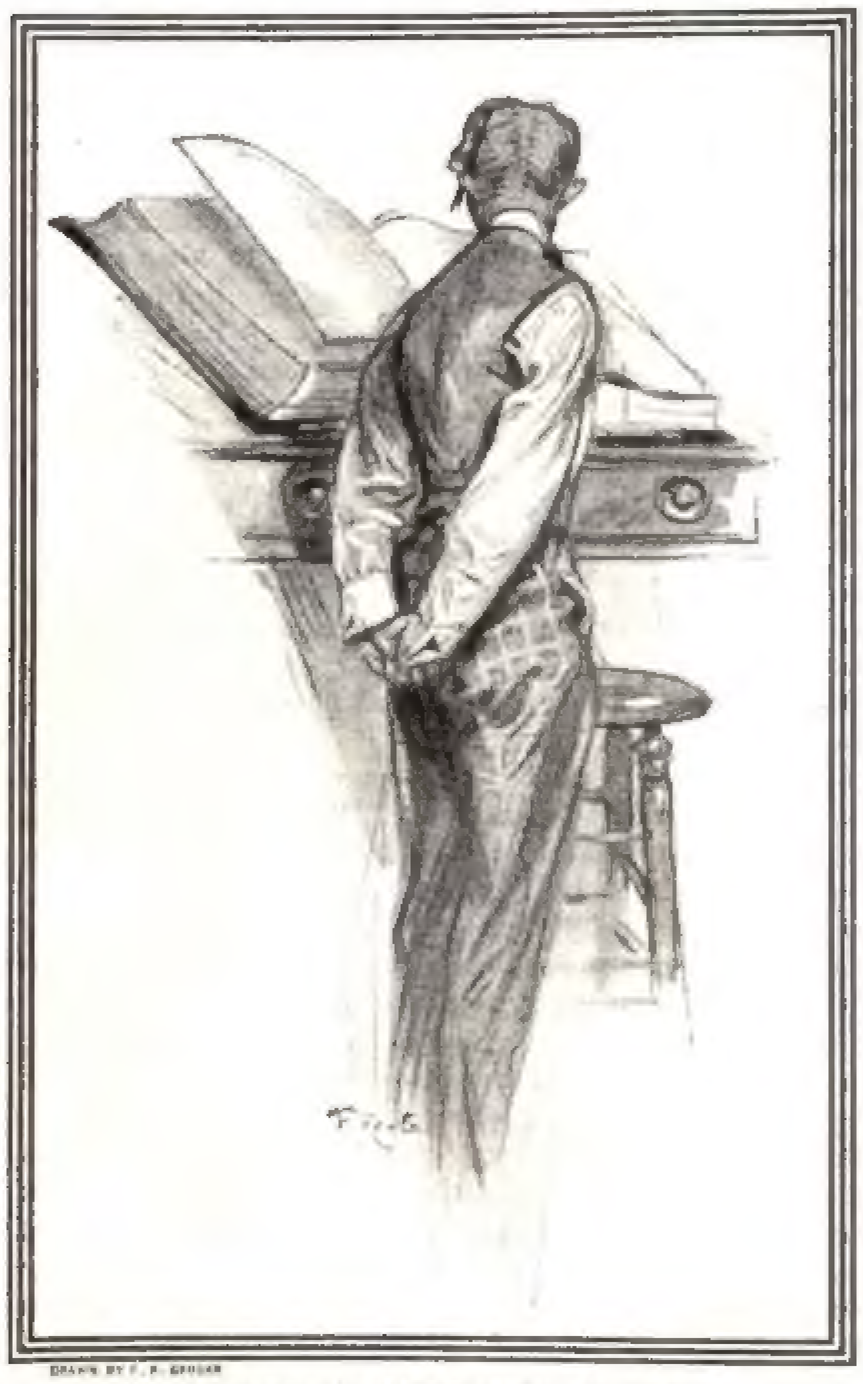

DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

A CASE OF ROOT HOG OR DIE

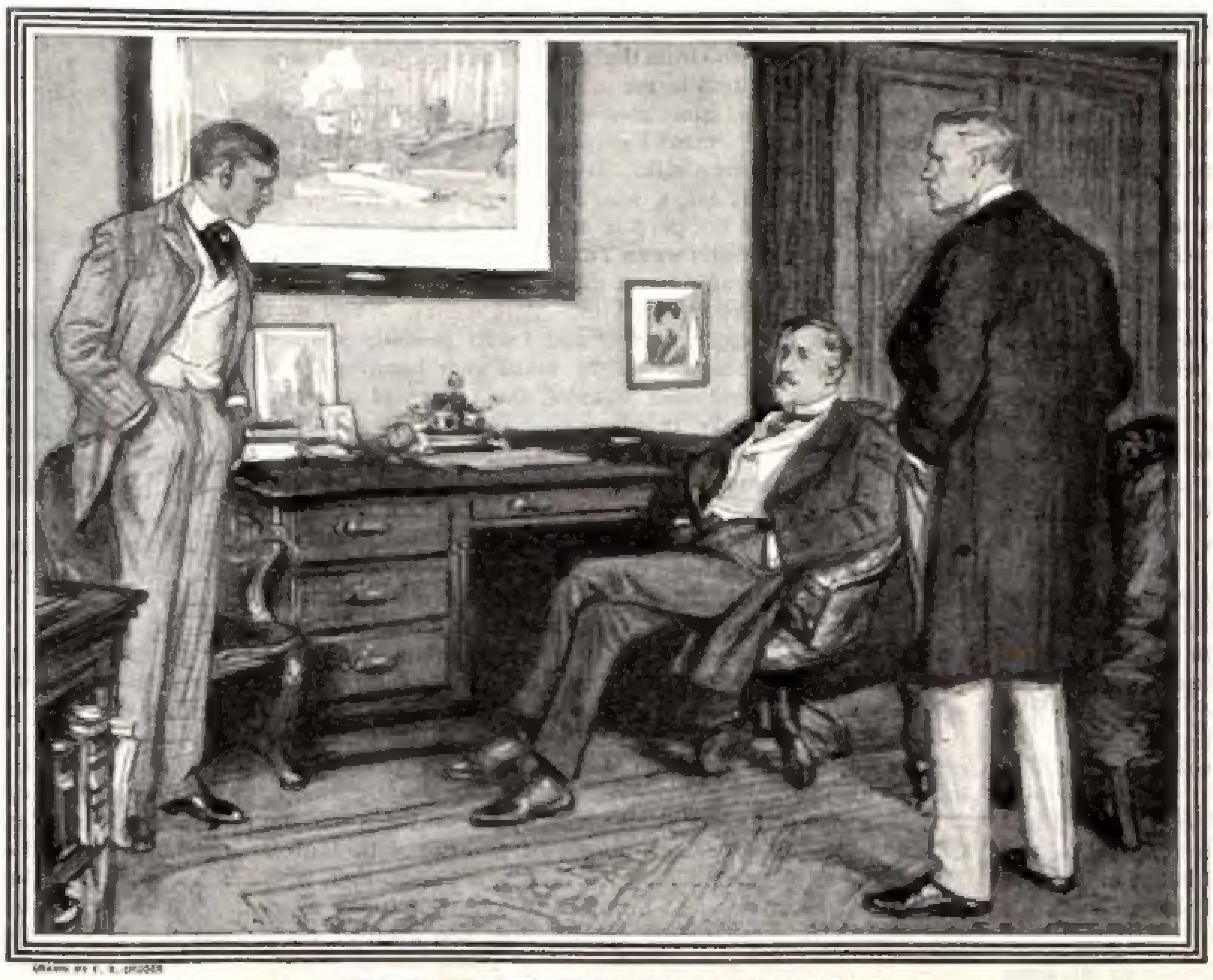
VI—From John Graham, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The young man has written describing the magnificent wedding presents that are being received, and hinting discreetly that it would not come amiss if he knew what shape the old man's was going to take, as he needs the money.

NEW YORK, December 12, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: These fellows at the branch house here have been getting altogether too blamed refined to suit me in their ideas of what's a fair day's work, so I'm staying over a little longer than I had intended, in order to ring the rising bell for them and to get them back into good Chicago habits. The manager started in to tell me that you couldn't do any business here before nine or ten in the morning—and I raised that boy myself!

We had a short season of something that wasn't exactly prayer but was just as earnest, and I think he sees the error of his ways. He seemed to feel that just because he was getting a fair share of the business I ought to be satisfied, but I don't want any half-sports out gunning with me. It's the fellow that settles himself in his blind before the ducks begin to fly who gets everything that's coming to his decoys. I reckon we'll have to bring this man back to Chicago and give him a beef house where he has to report at five before he can appreciate what a soft thing it is to get down to work at eight.

I'm mighty glad to hear you're getting so many wedding presents that you think you'll have enough to furnish your house, only you don't want to fingermark them looking to see if a hundred-thousand-dollar check from me ain't slipped in among them, because it ain't.


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"TRIED TO BUST YOUR POOR OLD FATHER"

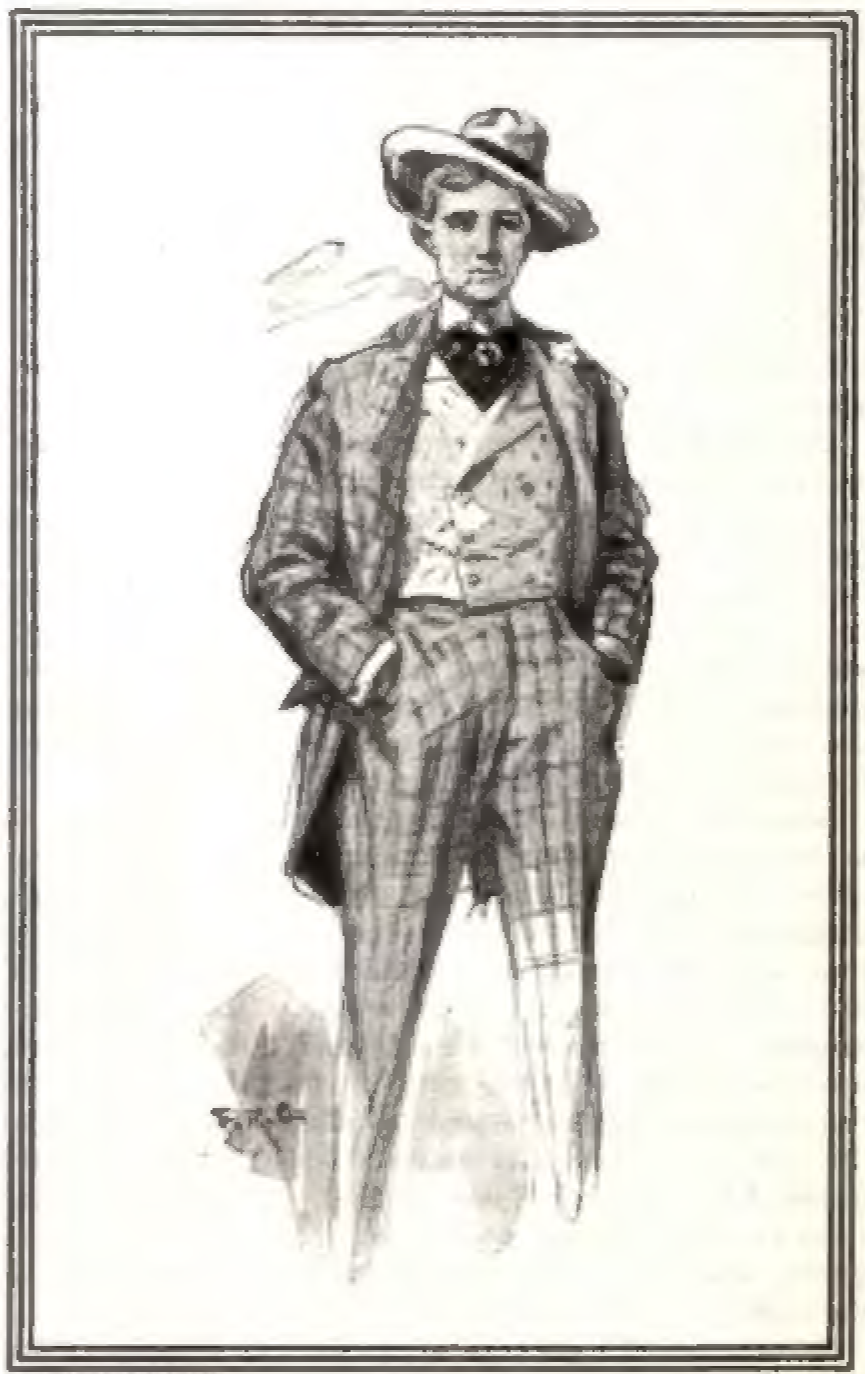
I intend to give you a present, all right, but there's a pretty wide margin for guessing between a hundred thousand dollars and the real figures. And you don't want to feel too glad about the presents, either, because you're going to find out that furnishing a house with wedding presents is equivalent to furnishing it on the installment plan. Along about the time you want to buy a go-cart for the twins, you'll discover that you'll have to make Tommy's busted old baby-carriage do, because you've got to use the money to buy a tutti-frutti ice-cream spoon for the young widow who sent you a doormat with "Welcome" on it. And when she gets it the young widow will call you that idiotic Mr. Graham, because she's going to have sixteen other tutti-frutti ice-cream spoons, and her doctor's told her that if she eats sweet things she'll have to go in the front door like a piano—sideways.

Then when you get the junk sorted over and your house furnished with it you're going to sit down to dinner on some empty soap-boxes, with the soup in cut-glass finger bowls, and the fish on a hand-painted smoking set, and the meat on dinky, little egg-shell salad plates, with ice-cream forks and fruit knives to eat with. You'll spend most of that meal wondering why somebody didn't send you one of those hundred and sixteen piece five-dollar-ninety-eight sets of china. While I don't mean to say that the average wedding present carries a curse instead of a blessing, it could usually repeat a few cuss words if it had a retentive memory.

Speaking of wedding presents and hundred-thousand-dollar checks naturally brings to mind my old friend Hamilton Huggins—Old Ham they called him at the Yards—and the time he gave his son, Percival, a million dollars.

Take him by and large, Ham was as slick as a greased pig. Before he came along the heft of the beef hearts went into the fertilizer tanks, but he reasoned out that they weren't really tough, but that their firmness was due to the fact that the meat in them was naturally condensed, and so he started putting them out in his celebrated condensed mincemeat at ten cents a pound. Took his pigs' livers, too, and worked 'em up into a genuine Strasburg pâté de foies gras that made the wild geese honk when they flew over his packing-house. Discovered that a little chopped cheek-meat at two cents a pound was a blamed sight healthier than chopped pork at six. Reckoned that by running twenty-five per cent. of it into his pork sausage he saved a hundred thousand people every year from becoming cantankerous old dyspeptics.

Ham was simply one of those fellows who not only have convolutions in their brains, but kinks and bow-knots as well, and who can believe that any sort of a lie is gospel truth just so it is manufactured and labeled on their own premises. I confess I ran out a line of those pigs' liver pâtés myself, but I didn't do it because I was such a patriot that I couldn't stand seeing the American flag insulted by a lot of Frenchmen getting a dollar for a ten-cent article, and simply because geese have smaller livers than pigs.


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

WORE A CIGARETTE IN HIS FACE

For all Old Ham was so shrewd at the Yards he was one of those fellows who begin losing their common-sense at the office door, and who reach home doddering and blithering. Had a fool wife with the society bug in her head, and as he had the one-of-our-leading-citizens bug in his, they managed between them to raise a lovely warning for a Sunday-school superintendent in their son, Percival.

Percy was mommer's angel boy with the sunny curls, who was to be raised a gentleman and to be "shielded from the vulgar surroundings and coarse associations of her husband's youth," and he was proud popper's pet,, whose good times weren't going to be spoiled by a narrow-minded old brute of a father, or whose talents weren't going to be smothered in poverty, the way the old man's had been. No, sir-ee, Percy was going to have all the money he wanted, with the whisky bottle always in sight on the sideboard and no limit on any game he wanted to sit in, so that he'd grow up a perfect little gentleman and know how to use things instead of abusing them.

I want to say right here that I've heard a good deal of talk in my time about using whisky, and I've met a good many thousand men who bragged when they were half-loaded that they could quit at any moment, but I've never met one of these fellows who would while the whisky held out. It's been my experience that when a fellow begins to brag that he can quit he's reached the point where he can't.

Naturally, Percy had hardly got the pap-rag out of his mouth before he learned to smoke cigarettes, and he could cuss like a little gentleman before he went into long pants. Took the four years sporting course at Harvard, with a postgraduate year of drawpoker and natural history—observing the habits and the speed of the ponies in their native haunts. Then, just to prove that he had paresis, Old Ham gave him a million dollars and a partnership in his business.

Percy started in to learn the business at the top—absorbing as much of it as he could find room for between ten and four, with two hours out for lunch—but he never got down below the frosting. The one thing that Old Ham wouldn't let him touch was the only thing about the business which really interested Percy—the speculating end of it. But everything else he did went with the old gentleman, and he was always bragging that Percy was growing up into a big, broad-gauged merchant. He got mighty mad with me when I told him that Percy was just a ready-made success, who was so small that he rattled round in his seat, and that he'd better hold in his horses, as there were a good many humps in the road ahead.

Old Ham was a sure-thing packer, like myself, and let speculating alone, never going into the market unless he had the goods or knew where he could get them; but when he did plunge into the pit he usually climbed out with both hands full of money and a few odd thousand-dollar bills sticking in his hair. So when he came to me one day and pointed out that Prime Steam Lard at eight cents for the November delivery, and the West alive with hogs, was a crime against the consumer, I felt inclined to agree with him, and we took the bear side of the market together.

Somehow, after we had gone short a big line, the law of supply and demand seemed to quit business. There were plenty of hogs out West, and all the packers were making plenty of lard, but people seemed to be frying everything they ate, and using lard in place of hair-oil, for the Prime Steam moved out as fast as it was made. Then, too, the market sucked up our short sales and hollered for more, like a six-months shoat at the trough. Pound away as we would, the November option moved up slowly to 8⅛, to 9, to 9⅛. Then, with delivery day only six weeks off, it jumped overnight to 10, and closed firm at 12¼. We stood to lose a little over a million apiece at that, and no knowing what the crowd that was under the market would gouge us for in the end.

Old Ham and I got together as soon as 'Change closed that day, and gave ourselves one guess apiece to find out where we were at, and both guessed right—we were cornered; but as soon as we found out how high up in the air we were, we began to look for the fire-escapes. We had a little over a month to get together the lard to deliver on our short sales or else pay up, and we hadn't had enough experience in the paying-up business to feel like engaging in it.

That afternoon we wired our agents through the West to start everything that looked like a hog toward Chicago, and our men in the East to ship us every tierce of Prime Steam they could lay their hands on. Then we started in to try out every bit of hog fat, from a grease spot up, that we could find in the country. And all the time the price kept climbing on us like a nigger going up a persimmon tree, till it was rising seventeen cents.

So far the bull crowd had managed to keep their identity hidden, and we'd been pretty modest about telling the names of the big bears, because we weren't very proud of the way we'd been caught napping, and because Old Ham was mighty anxious that Percy shouldn't know that his safe old father had been using up the exception to his rule of no speculation.

It was a near thing for us, but the American hog had responded nobly—and a good many other critters as well, I suspect—and when it came on toward delivery day we found that we had the actual lard to turn over on our short contracts, and some to spare. But Ham and I had lost a little fat ourselves, and we had learned a whole lot about the iniquity of selling goods that you haven't got, even when you do it with the benevolent intention of cheapening an article to the consumer.

Ham and I got together at his office in the Board of Trade building to play off the finals with the bull crowd. We'd had inspectors busy all night passing the lard which we'd gathered together and which was arriving by boatloads and trainloads. Then, before 'Change opened, we passed the word around through our brokers that there wasn't any big short interest left, and to prove it they pointed to the increase in the stocks of Prime Steam in store and gave out the real figures on what was still in transit. By the time the bell rang for trading on the floor we had built the hottest sort of a fire under the market, and thirty minutes after the opening the price of the November option had melted down flat to twelve cents.

We gave the bulls a breathing space there, for we knew we had them all rounded up nicely in the killing-pens, and there was no hurry, especially as that might bring on a bad panic and a lot of unnecessary failures. But on toward noon, when things looked about right, we jumped twenty brokers into the pit, all selling at once and offering in any sized lots for which they could find takers. It was like setting off a pack of firecrackers—biff! bang! bang! our brokers gave it to them, and when the smoke cleared away the bits of that busted corner were scattered all over the pit, and there was nothing left for us to do but to pick up our profits; for we had swung a loss of millions over to the other side of the ledger.

Just as we were sending word to our brokers to steady the market so as to prevent failures, the door of the private office flew open, and in bounced Mr. Percy, looking like a hound dog that had lapped up a custard pie while the cook's back was turned and is hunting for a handy bed to hide under. Had even let his cigarette go out—he wore one in his face as regularly as some fellows wear a pink in their buttonhole—and it was drooping from his lower lip, instead of sticking up under his nose in the old sporty, sassy way.

"Oh, gov'ner!" he cried as he slammed the door behind him; "the market's gone to hell."

"Quite so, my son, quite so," nodded Old Ham approvingly; "it's the bottomless pit to-day, all right, all right."

I saw it coming, but it came hard. Percy sputtered and stuttered and swallowed it once or twice, and then it broke loose in:

"And oh! gov'ner, I'm caught—in a horrid hole—you've got to help me out!"

"Eh! what's that!" exclaimed the old man, losing his just-after-a-hearty-meal expression. "What's that—caught—speculating, after what I've said to you! Don't tell me that you're one of that bull crowd—don't you dare do it, sir." I cheered up mightily to hear the old man take this tone, because it began to look as if the cook had caught the dog by the tail and was going to pull him out for a beating.

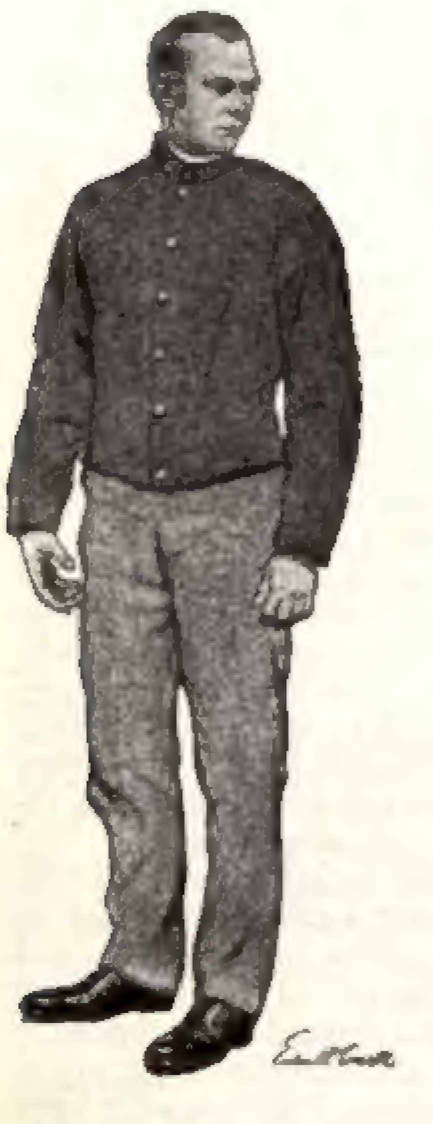
"Ye-es," and Percy's voice was scared back to a whisper; "yes; and what's more, I'm the whole bull crowd—the Great Bull they've all been talking about and guessing about."

Great Scott! but I felt sick. Here we'd been, like two pebbles in a rooster's gizzard, grinding up a lot of corn that we weren't going to get any good of. I itched to go for that young man myself, but I knew this was one of those holy moments between father and son when an outsider wants to pull his tongue back into its cyclone cellar. And when I looked at Ham I saw that no help was needed, for the old man was evidently coming out of his twenty-five years' trance

(Continued on Page 17)

An American in New York

BY OPIE READ



ALONG with the education of the past he had a shrewd eye for the present, and he called himself an American in New York. In the great Stocks-Bonds Hotel, where the lamps burn at midday as at midnight, he was unconsciously conspicuous as slowly he strode down the corridor known as Millionaire Lane, where, in the evening, were gathered the wealthier members of the Stock Exchange, speculation polite in full dress, with many a bow and sallow smile, but just as heartless and as replete with human greed as when on the "floor" in Wall Street, beneath the cold eye of the gray-bearded old chairman sitting high in his marble balcony.

Every one turned to look at the tall, middle-aged American, so expressive of a quiet home somewhere remote from the politer forms of throat-cutting, and so different was he from the average man, so pronounced a physical reminiscence of the considerate past in this swiftly-gestured present, that the elegant idlers seated along the alabaster wall regarded him in the light of an amusing discovery.

A student of the English classics would not have strained much to pronounce him a latter-day Sir Roger, marveling and moralizing in the great city. Some one had heard him say to a bell-boy that he lived out in America and that this was his first trip a' road.

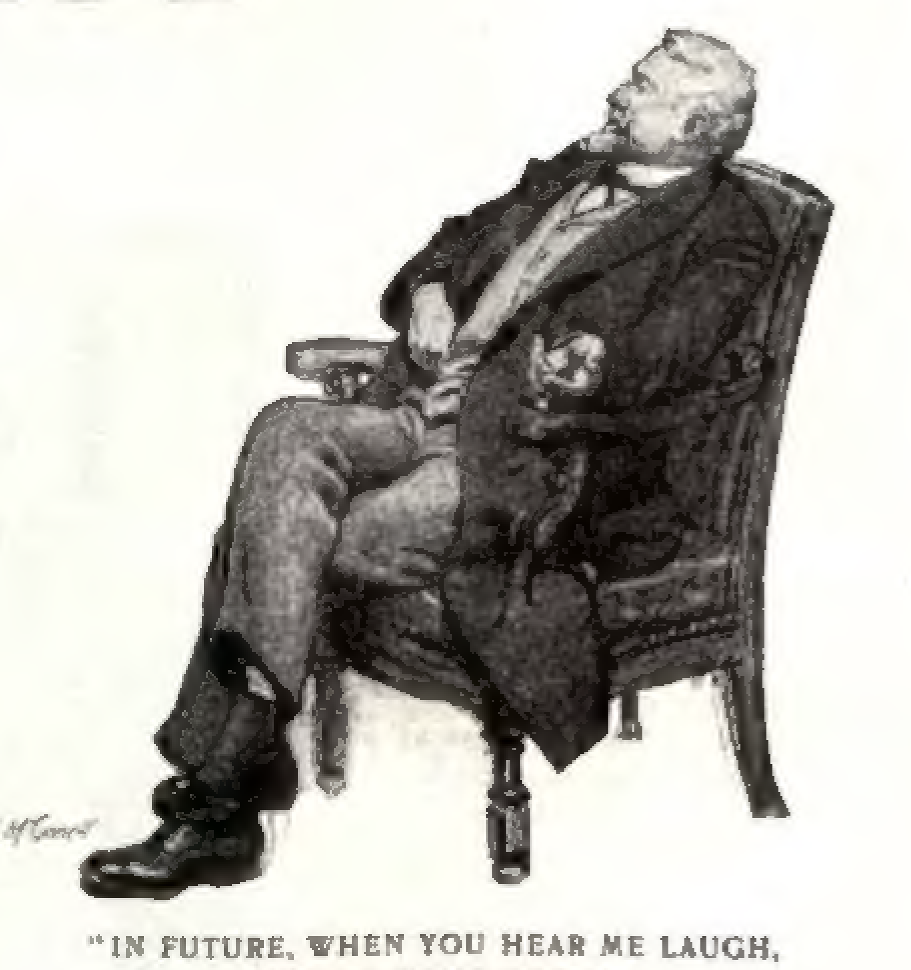
In the Stocks-Bonds not all, however, was the bead on the froth of aimless life, for here where local fashion and foreign decoration paraded, admired of the imitative and the thoughtless, were also gathered the bone of gigantic industry and the muscle of fearless adventure, organizers of mighty corporations, and travelers who from the backs of trumpeting elephants had fought the striped terror of the jungle. From Arizona and from Mexico had come men with mining stocks, financial carpet-baggers, for in many a gripsack was there a gold brick wrapped in convincing silk. It was a world within itself, the Stocks-Bonds Hotel, a world of apparent opulence, for obvious poverty did not peep in at the door.

Off from the gay halls was a Turkish smoking-room. Here nicotine broke through convention. Stranger struck match for stranger and handed it to him. This meant, "You may ask me about the stock market and I will genially mislead you." In this place, a twilight amid rich hangings, the American soon established himself, the centre of a social commonwealth. Early in his career as a member of this colony he laughed with an outburst so loud that a London porter, passing through the room, halted and stared at him.

"How much was that worth?" the American inquired. The flunky begged "pairdon." "I want to know how much that laugh is likely to have damaged you—the hearing of it? But I want to tell you, sir, that, along with my other baggage, I've brought with me a few of my natural habits." Then a considerate thought struck him. "But I reckon you've got your own habits, too. Here's fifty cents, and in future, when you hear me laugh, take to your heels."

"I will do so, sir," said the porter, pocketing the fifty cents without the suggestion of a smile; and ever afterward he kept his word.

It was a matter of recognized necessity to call the American Colonel. He soon became a sort of favorite with ladies. They liked to listen to his stories, and be it known that, with two continents striving to minister to her whims, the average woman is more nearly natural than the average man. They all of them scream when they encounter a mouse, the farce-comedies tell us, and their comments upon the appearance of a grizzly bear are almost uniformly the same. The American, whom I shall sometimes call the Colonel, was to them a sort of grizzly bear, captured a long time ago but in a softened way retaining all of the most interesting of his wild and mountainous manners.



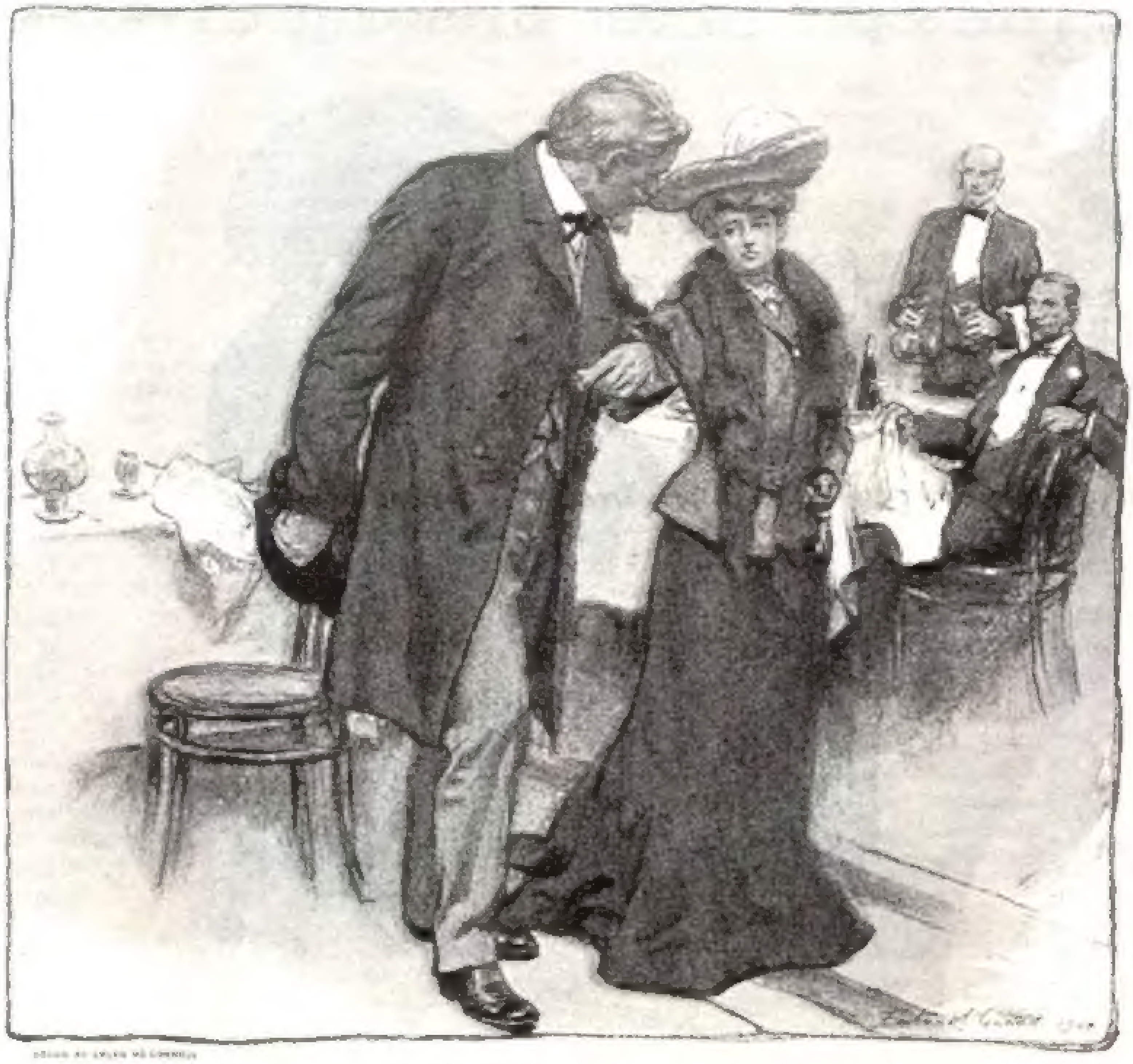
"IN FUTURE, WHEN YOU HEAR ME LAUGH, TAKE TO YOUR HEELS"

"Why do you call yourself an American in New York?" inquired Mrs. Flashroll, wife of Judge Flashroll, who with much nipping and a great deal of tucking managed to live for a few months of the year at the Stocks-Bonds.

"Because, madam, I have lived nearly all over America, and this is the only town that puts me in mind of a country I have never seen. Why, the other day I was near the mountain range where Nassau trails into Broad Street, and I saw

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Read in which he gives a Western view of New York.

an American flag floating from the top of an ancient building. I have heard men say how the old flag, seen suddenly in foreign ports, made them feel, and it wasn't hard to persuade myself that I felt just about that way. So in I goes to offer my congratulations; and I asked if the American consul was in. The fellow that I spoke to pretended not to understand. 'The American consul?' said he. 'Why, we have no American consul here.' 'Is that a fact?' I replied. 'Then i'gad, I'm farther away from home than I thought I was.'"



"I SHALL NOT FORGET THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF A BRUTE SITTING AT A TABLE"

The men winked and the women smiled. "We never know when you are—are—well, guying us," said Mrs. Flashroll.

The American arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "I never guy a lady."

"How long have you been here, Colonel?"

"Madam, when a man is abroad he doesn't somehow have a very good hold on time. It may seem longer or shorter than it is. I will remark, however, that I am here on my wedding journey."

"Your wedding journey! Why, where is your wife?"

"Well, that is to be explained. Years ago, when I married, I was too low in the financial scale to think of a bridal tour, but my wife was broad-minded and did not complain. However, we didn't forget it; no, madam, we kept it endearingly in mind, hoping and working for the time when we should be able to stand the expense of such a trip. Well, the time came at last, a week or so ago. The children were settled and I had made rather an advantageous sale of property, so I says, 'Mother, get your things ready and we'll take that bridal tour.' 'Where to?' she asks, and I scratched my head. 'Well, say New York,' but she *shakes* her head. 'No, don't care to go there; don't know anybody, and I have heard that they ain't at all sociable. Mrs. Vance, over at Deerlick, was there two months, a-visiting her son, and didn't get acquainted with anybody to speak of, nor to speak *to*, for that matter. I believe I'd rather go back to Mount Sterling, Kentucky, where I was raised.' So, madam, we agreed that she should go there and I should come here, but have it understood that we both were on our wedding tours."

A smile went round. The woman asked him if he were a Southerner, a soothing flattery to one born in the South, and he answered that he was, originally, having been born in Kentucky; "and while," said he, "I continue to have been born in that State, yet I have lived nearly everywhere in America and regard myself in the light of a nationalist."

"But you don't like New York."

He gave her what in a poker game would have looked like the propitiating smile of a winner. "Ah, madam, that's where you misjudge me. It is not for me to dislike any part of the Master's footstool, but I don't know that I am commanded not to criticise one or more of the legs on which the stool stands. There are many things here that are most un-American to me—not a want of politeness, I assure you, for that is as often characteristic of an ignoramus as of a statesman, but a certain and I might say a most pronounced and eager strife to get away from the democratic customs of our fathers. But I am not one who believes that the world is growing worse or that the young man of to-day is not of as good fibre as I was at his age. The fact is that the youngster of to-day knows about twice as much as I did, but this young fellow, contrary to the opinion hemmed in on this narrow island, is not wholly nor in large part confined to the city of New York. Six weeks west of Manhattan teach him more than six years do here. All that is, necessary in this life is not to commit Broadway to memory from one end to the other. A man may do that and still miss nearly all the immortal beauties of Shakespeare. And that reminds me. I came here expecting to see Shakespeare played, but am told that they have sent him back to the country where they say he belongs. Writers that never saw a wild tree"—by which he meant a tree not confined in a tub or nurtured in a park—"find fault with his shrubbery, madam. They say he was rude in speech, and so was old Jeremiah, but i'gad, they haven't beat him very far yet. But I reckon that man and woman, not only in New York but in nearly all parts of the country, have become too busy to listen to wisdom."

The men smiled as at an old daguerreotype and the women wondered if he were guying them. As for himself, he sat in the quiet ecstasy of an inward laugh, with so slight a tinge of mirth upon his face as to hide from any but a master's eye the truth of bubbling fun behind a gravestone countenance.

Amid the changes which shall be wrought by the years to come it may be hard to believe that this man ever existed. The wiping out of strongly marked characteristics, of the sinewy breed that made politics a religion and journalism a personal matter, that stamped the American as an original product upon the old earth, may obliterate individuality and world-garb man in the assorted thought of the proper and expected mind. In the fiction of the near future he may be sneered at as the reproachful crudity of a raw civilization, but in the far-off years, found in some quaint book, he will be marveled at and admired for his strength, his amusing gallantry, his notion about women, his generosity, his love of country, his knack for story-telling. The story-teller was born in the twilight of the early ages, and the nearer we approach that questionable goal, higher civilization, the weaker grow the narrator's words and the less do we pay heed to him. They say that the art of telling stories, like that of oratory, is suffering to the extent of threatened extinction, and it may be accepted as a truth that the story-teller has departed from New York. Where once with his companions he ate his lamb-chop in the dusk of comfort's quiet haunt there has been reared the towering monument to commerce. An old city where once lurked poetic fancies, where with pot of ale old Bonner's Bohemian sat, goose-quilling his heroine into desperate straits, striving toward the proper point of thrill, "to be continued"—that old city has been pulled down, and those of its romancers who are not buried for the most part in unmarked graves are wanderers in the West. Men are impatient of their romances; editors do not want them, and they stand, melancholy figures, talking to the past. But the American in New York was not a writer of romances such as common-sense doomed to an early death. Out of the past and from the silently grinding mill of his own invention he drew stories to enliven the present. And so it was that day after day he sat in the Turkish room, commenting upon what he had seen during the past few hours, always ready with his impressions which generally led to anecdote or narrative. Like your true story-teller he did not wait for a large audience.

"Speaking again of the drama in New York," he said, "I am forced to announce the fact that there isn't any drama here. The whole thing is a tune and a jig. You are passing through what might be called the night sweats of the drama. Dignity has turned loose, sir, to dance a breakdown. The worse the show is the better you are pleased. If a fellow comes along with a new sort of flip-flap he is a hero. Your rhyme is kidney-footed and your dancing is vulgar. A pair of blackened eyes and a mouth made at the audience take the place of dramatic action. In your tastes you haven't the excuse of a couple of fellows I saw one night standing before the opera house in Little Rock, Arkansas. A bill announced that John MacCullough was playing Virginius. These two fellows halted and looked up the stairway. 'Why, Bill, here's a show.' 'Ah, hah, but what sort of a show is it? Want to go up?' The other fellow stared at the bill. 'Let's see if we can make out what it means. Sleight o' hand, I reckon. Seen a man at a schoolhouse t'other night, out our way, that I'll bet can swallow two knives to his one. We've seen all he can do. Thar's a sick hoss at the wagon yard. Let's go round thar.' Those fellows had something to keep them away from the real drama, for I want to tell you that out where they lived a sick horse meant a good deal. But here a sick poodle would serve. Of course, in my country, America, I mean, from a time almost ancient we have looked to New York for the stamp of her approval; but either one of two things must happen if this continues: we've got to lose our recollection of what is good or New York must revise her judgment."

"I suppose," mischievously remarked one of the ladies, "that, after the manner of the early English, you would keep women off the stage altogether."

"Oh, no, madam. If the drama at the present time showed any signs of preservation I should say that it was largely due to woman. Woman is as a general thing more convincing than man, and without delicious illusion the play is but impotent talk. An instance: Rather late last night I dropped into a Broadway restaurant. There were but few customers, rendering it easy to pick out personages whom I thought worthy of study—a habit of mine, sir," and he nodded at a man who had just drawn up to join the listeners. "And I noticed particularly a gentleman and a lady sitting at a table not far away. But would you believe it, while I was looking a quarrel arose between them? It did, and the man, in a most undignified and, I might say, ungentlemanly, manner, arose, snatched up his gloves which lay beside a plate, and in a huff departed. The lady was much embarrassed, I assure you, and I saw clearly that she didn't know what to do; and I should have hastened to minister to her in this the hour of her distress had I possessed the honor of her acquaintance."

"What did you do, Colonel?"

The question was asked by a woman. "Madam, I don't know what I should have done had not something happened at the critical moment. She came over and spoke to me. First let me note her appearance. I recall in a poem somewhere—'And her eye was of that tinge of the sky when the trout leaps quickest to catch the fly.' That was her eye—blue as the sky that must lie beyond our vision; and her hair was black, a rain-cloud shredded and silkened, and her voice as she spoke with sweet hesitation was almost hushed in its own trembling melody. 'Sir,' she said—and I was on my feet in a moment, I assure you—'sir, will you be kind enough to see me to my carriage?' Would I? Her chariot was waiting just without, I gathered from a few notes of stray music which she dropped, and she wanted no aid except to be seen to it; she had her own purse, she somehow told me, swinging it by a golden chain. The unfortunate quarrel with her—but no matter, the carriage was waiting and she would go home alone. I bowed, gave her my arm and we walked out, and I shall not forget the smile on the face of a brute sitting at a table. Well, the carriage stood at the curb, just a little ways up the street. The driver opened the door and she got in. 'Oh, I am so much obliged to you,' she said with a little whimper as sweet as the gurgle of June water. 'I really don't know what I should have done without you. James, you may drive to—Wait a moment. Oh, yes, give me my purse, please.' The latter remark was directed to me. 'Your purse? I haven't it.'

"'Oh, yes, I gave it to you.'

"'I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken.'

"'Oh, no, I'm not. Don't trifle with me when I placed so much confidence in you. Give me my purse, please.'

"And then the cabman spoke up: 'Give the dame her pocketbook or I'll call the cop.'

"There was a fine predicament for an American away from his friends. Swearing upon my honor would have availed nothing."

"But what did you do, Colonel?"

"'I beg your pardon, here it is,' I said, and I took out my own pocketbook and handed it to her, and snatching it eagerly she fell back into the carriage and was driven away."

"Your own pocketbook! And was there anything in it?"

"Madam, it was stuffed full— of pieces of goods that my wife had given me to match. Ah, she was convincing, and i'gad, she saved me a world of trouble."

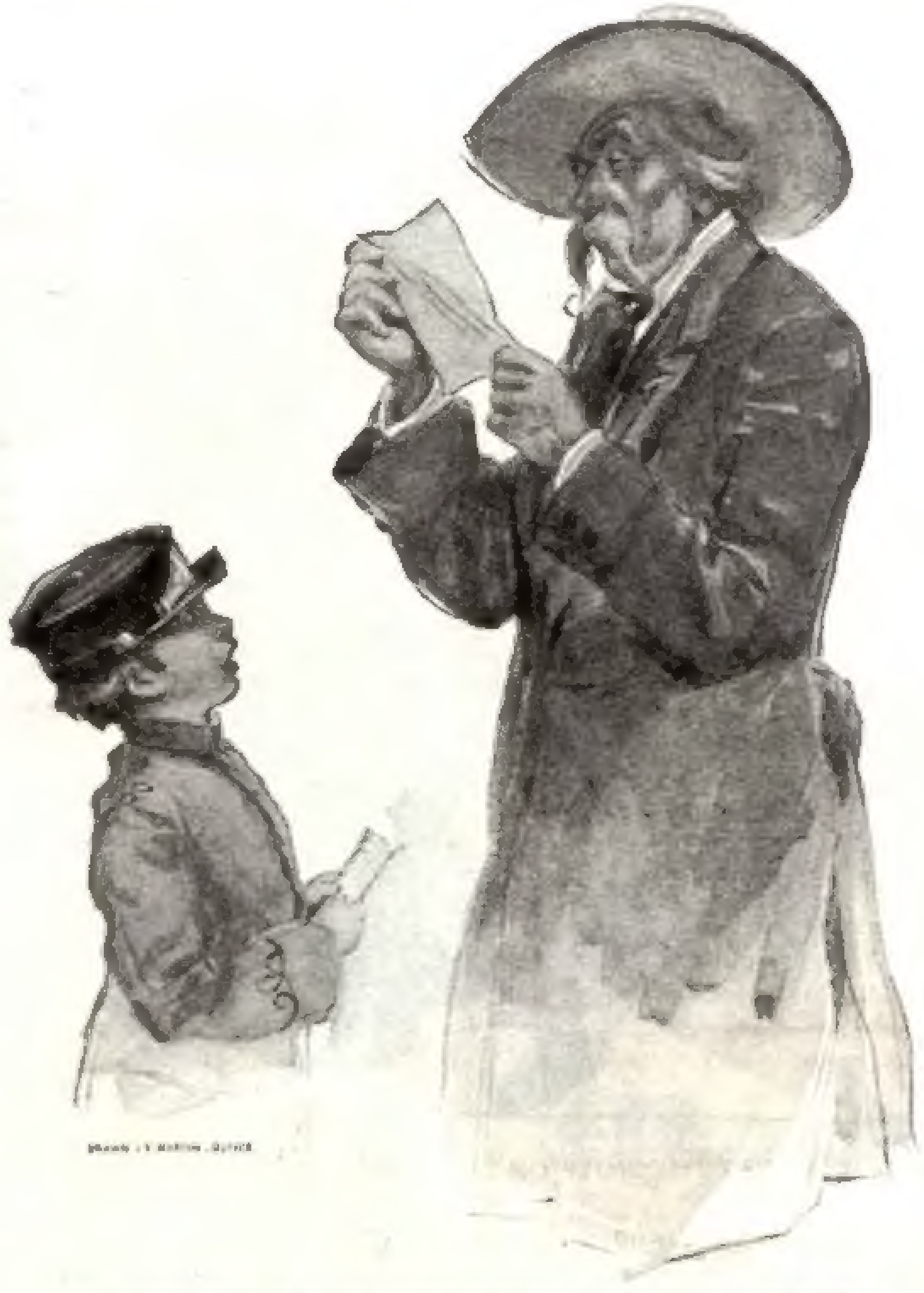
How Mr. Hickok Came to Cheyenne—By Alfred Henry Lewis

The Epic of an Unsung Ulysses

WITHIN two days after his arrival Mr. Hickok was established in the best society of Cheyenne. This, when one reflects upon the iron-bound exclusiveness of Cheyenne first circles, should talk loudly in Mr. Hickok's favor. It was something whereof any gentleman might be proud. The Inter-Ocean, being that hostelry which he honored with his custom, was as his home; and he stood good for a dozen stacks of blues at any faro table in the camp. And this, mind you, in days when Cheyenne-confidence came forward slowly, and the Cheyenne hand was not outstretched to every paltry individual who got off the stage.

Two weeks prior to these exaltations, Mr. Hickok, then of Kansas City, might have been seen walking in that portion of Main Street known as Battle Row. For one of his optimism Mr. Hickok's mood showed blue and dull. One might tell it by a brooding eye and the droop which invested his mustache with a gravity not properly its own. Moreover, there was further evidence to prove the low spirits of Mr. Hickok. His hair, long as the hair of a woman, and which in lighter moments fell in a blond cataract about his yard-wide shoulders, was knotted away beneath his hat.

For myself, I do not praise long hair in the case of any man. But Mr. Hickok had much in his defense. He had let his hair grow in years when the transaction of his destinies gave him a deal to do with Indians. The American savage possesses theories that yield neither to evidence nor argument. He believes that every paleface who cuts short his hair does so in craven denial of a scalp to what enemy should rise victorious over him. Such harehearts he contemns. On the guileless other hand, he holds that the long-haired man is a warrior bold, flaunting defiance with every toss of his mane. That long-haired one may rob and cheat and swindle and cuff and kick your savage: the latter will neither murmur nor lift hand against him. For is not he who robs and cheats and swindles and cuffs and kicks a chief, and is not his flowing hair a franchise so to do? There lurks a dividend in hair for any who traffics with your savage. Wherefore, in an hour of aboriginal commerce Mr. Hickok encouraged a hirsute luxuriance in the name of trade. Later, he continued it for the sake of habit and old days. That much for Mr. Hickok's hair—as plentiful and as coarse as a pony's. Let me repeat, that to find it furled from view was notice that his soul was sad.



MR. HICKOK WAS NOT OVER-QUICK AT WRITTEN ENGLISH

What should be it to prey upon the sensibilities of Mr. Hickok? Kansas City was a town of mud and dust and hill and hollow that quenched all happiness and drove the male inhabitants to drink. Was it that to bear him down? No; if it were mere environment Mr. Hickok would have made his escape to regions where the sun was shining.

Not to run the trail too far, Mr. Hickok was ruminating the loss of his final dollar, which had fled across a faro layout in the Marble Hall Saloon. As he strolled dejectedly in Battle Row he couldn't have told where his next week's board was coming from, not counting his next week's drinks. It was the dismal present, promising a dismal future, which exhaled those mists to take the curl from Mr. Hickok's mustache and teach his hair to hide beneath his hat. A short-haired man may be penniless and still command respect; a long-haired man without a dollar is a creature to be laughed at.

Having nothing to engage him but his gloom, Mr. Hickok glanced upward and across the street where, over the fourth story windows, an Odd Fellows' sign was bolted. The sign was painted black upon white. The "O" that stood as initial of "Odd" showed wood-color inside the black.

It was years before when, to please a bevy of tender tourists and by permission of Mr. Speers, then chief of police, Mr. Hickok emptied his six-shooters into the centre of that "O." It was a finished piece of shooting; the tourists told of it about their clubs when safe in the East again. The "O," where the original white had been splintered into wood-color by those dozen bullets it had stopped, showed plain as print.

Mr. Hickok sighed as he considered his handiwork.

Mr. Hickok did not sigh because of any former accuracy with pistols; but he recalled how on that fine occasion—in contrast to present bankruptcy—he harbored $1400 in his clothes. He had beaten the bank at Old Number Three, and was rich and gay in consequence.

"I think I shoot better when I've got a roll."

Thus murmured Mr. Hickok as he meditated on that miracle of the guns, done seven years before. Mr. Hickok might have extended his surmise: a man does all things better when he has a roll.

The panorama of life had been moving swiftly for Mr. Hickok. Two years before, he was marshal of Hays and had shot his way into general confidence. In an evil hour a trio of soldiers came over from the fort, led by one Lanigan, and took drunken umbrage at Mr. Hickok's hair. This rudeness touched Mr. Hickok tenderly, and in reproof thereof he snuffed out those three as gallery Frenchmen snuff candles at ten paces.

Since there arose carpers to say that Mr. Hickok went too far in those homicides, he laid down his trust and removed to Abilene. Mr. Hickok was welcomed with spread arms by Abilene. Its marshal had just been gathered home through the efforts of a cowboy with a genius for firearms. Abilene offered the vacant place to Mr. Hickok, and to encourage acceptance showed him where it had hanged the cowboy. Mr. Hickok accepted, drew on the public purse for five hundred rounds of ammunition, and entered upon his duties.

Mr. Hickok reigned as marshal eight months, and kept Abilene like a church. Then he put a bullet through the head of Mr. Coe, a gentleman whose pleasure it had been to go upon tri-weekly sprees and leave everything on both sides of the street.

As on that day in Hays, there were local narrowists to fling reproach upon Mr. Hickok. They said the affair might have been sufficiently managed by the simple process of bending a gun over Mr. Coe's head; the dead gentleman had yielded to such treatment on former occasions. They declared that the intemperate haste of Mr. Hickok had eliminated from Abilene one who spent his money with both hands; the taking off of Mr. Coe might conduce to communal peace; it was none the less a blow at Abilene prosperity.

Mr. Hickok, made heartsore by such mean strictures and weary with complaints which found sordid footing in a lust for gain, gave up his marshalship of Abilene as he had given up the post in Hays, and again wandered abroad in search of better fortune.

About the time he shook the Abilene dust from his moccasins there came to Mr. Hickok's hand a proposal from Mr. Cody to join that gentleman in the production of a spirited drama. It was to be a drama descriptive of the Arcadian West; one wherein stages were robbed, maidens rescued, and Indians put to death. Mr. Hickok in real life had for long been familiar with every fraction of the stage business; the lines he could learn in a night. Mr. Cody was confident that Mr. Hickok would take instant part in that drama and do it without rehearsal. If Mr. Hickok accepted, the financial side should be framed and phrased to meet his views. His social life, so Mr. Cody explained, should be one of splendor and Eastern luxury.

Mr. Hickok, pausing only to ruin himself at faro-bank, took up the proffer of Mr. Cody. He journeyed East, and found that excellent personage sojourning at the Brevoort House in New York.

"Where's your trunk?" asked Mr. Cody, as he grasped Mr. Hickok's hand.

"Haven't any," returned Mr. Hickok, whose trunk had been left to keep a boarding-house in countenance. "But I've brought my guns." This last hopefully.

"That's right," observed Mr. Cody, whom nothing was ever known to daunt. "While a gentleman may be without a change of linen, he should never let his wardrobe sink so low that it leaves him without a change of guns."

Mr. Hickok was not a permanency in the theatres. His was a serious nature, and there abode much behind the footlights to irk the soul of him. For one stifling matter, he was allowed nothing lethal wherewith to feed his six-shooters. Blanks by the hundreds he might have; but no bullets.

Now this, in a blind sort of way, told upon Mr. Hickok as something irreligious. A Colt's .45 was not a joke; its mechanism had not been connived in any spirit of facetiousness. It was hardware for life and death; it owned a mission; and to make of it a bauble and a tinsel thing smote upon Mr. Hickok as sacrilege.

And, then, to shoot over the heads of folk shook his faith in himself. It was as though he mocked the heavens! In good truth, Mr. Hickok never did this last. It was his wont to empty his weapons right and left at the legs of Indian-seeming supers.

The practice was not lacking in elements of certain excellence. The powder burned the supers and brought yells which were real from those adjuncts of the drama. In that way was the public gratified and the integrity of the stage upheld.

But the supers objected, and refused to go on with Mr. Hickok. They might love their art, but not to that extent. It was the rock on which they split. Mr. Hickok would not aim high, and the burned ones would take no part in the presentation unless he did. The situation became strained. As a finale, after bitter words had been spoken on both sides, Mr. Hickok quit the mimic world and returned to a life that, though it numbered its drawbacks, might make the boast that it was real. It was then he came to Kansas City, there to experience many ebbing, flowing nights at faro-bank, with that final ebb adverted to, and which left him dollar-stranded, as described.

We left Mr. Hickok in Battle Row thinking on the strangeness of things. Let us get back to him with speed; I warrant him one to notice a too long neglect and desperately resent it.

Mr. Hickok, having sufficiently surveyed his bullet-work of another day as set forth by the Odd Fellows' emblem, was about to resume his walk, when a telegraph boy rushed up. His rush over, the urchin gazed upon Mr. Hickok with the utmost satisfaction for the space of thirty seconds. Then he took a message from his book.

"Be you Mr. Hickok?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy," replied Mr. Hickok blandly. Mr. Hickok was tolerant of youth.

"Mr. Wild Bill Hickok?"

Mr. Hickok frowned; he disliked the ferocious prefix. It had been granted him, by certain romanticists with a bent to be fantastic, for deeds of erratic daring done long before. It was a step in titles the more strange, perhaps, since Mr. Hickok was not baptized William but James.

But "Wild Bill" they made it, and "Wild Bill" it remained; albeit, in deference to Mr. Hickok's known wishes

—he once made them plain by shooting a glass of whisky from the hand of a gentleman who had called him Wild Bill, to that gentleman's disturbance and a loss to him besides of one drink—he was never so named except behind his back. When folk referred to him they called him Wild Bill; when they addressed him they did so as Mr. Hickok. The moment that the world and Mr. Hickok understood each other on this touchy point of titles every sign of friction ceased. The compromise won tacit adoption; and everybody went satisfied, since everybody went not without his partial way.

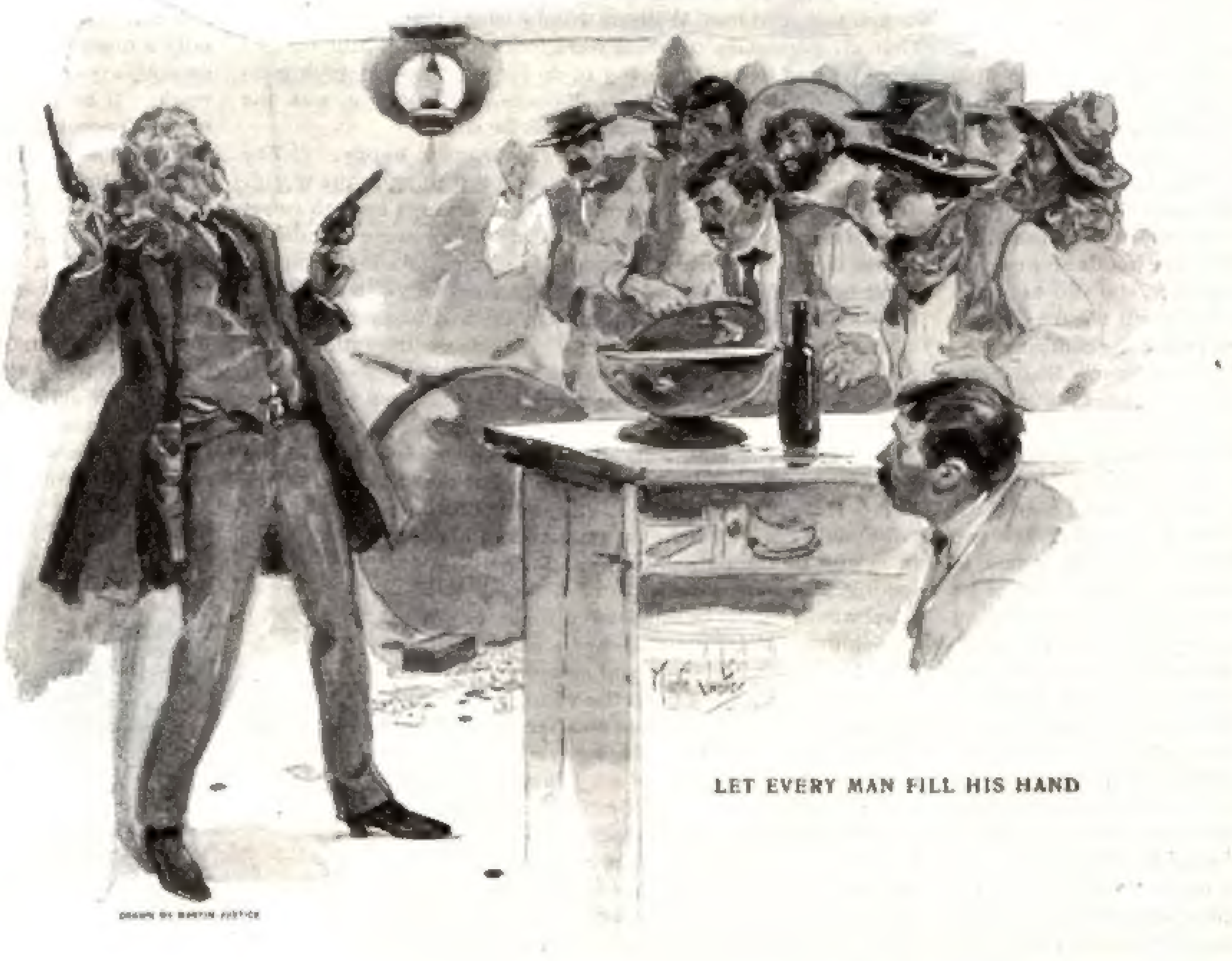
Mr. Hickok tore open the message, while the boy who had brought it admired him to the hilts. The message was long, from which Mr. Hickok sagaciously deduced it to be important. Mr. Hickok was not over-quick with written English; he had been called in the theatres a "slow study." To expedite affairs, Mr. Hickok went at once to the signature. This was intelligent enough. Any man as a rule could give you every word of any eight-page letter he receives by merely glancing at the signature. This will prove peculiarly the case when the signature is a lady's.

However, this time the rule failed. Mr. Hickok, though he knew the name, was driven to wade through the communication before he could come by even a glint of its purport. This he did slowly and painfully, feeling his way from word to word as though fording a strange and turbid stream. At last, when he made it out, Mr. Hickok's face came brightly forth from the shadows like the sun from out a cloud. Evidently the news was good.

Mr. Hickok glanced again at the name. It was that of a generous man whose life he had saved. Lest you gather unjustly some red and dripping picture of Mr. Hickok as one to whom the slaughter of his fellows was as the air he breathed, it should be shown that he had saved many lives. The record of this truth would gratify Mr. Hickok were he here to read it, for he often remembered it in conversation.

"If I've took life," Mr. Hickok would remark defensively, "I've frequent saved life. Likewise, I've saved a heap more than I've took. That's straight; the world's ahead by me. If you'll foot up the figgers you'll see I've got lives comin' to me right now."

What the saved one who was grateful said was this: He had staked out a claim in the Deadwood district; the assay showed it full of yellow promise. Mr. Hickok was to be half owner. Mr. Hickok was to meet the grateful one in Cheyenne. Incidentally, the grateful one had notified the American National to cash Mr. Hickok's draft for two hundred dollars, so that poverty, should such have Mr. Hickok in its coils—which it had—might not deter him from proceeding to Cheyenne at once.



LET EVERY MAN FILL HIS HAND

Nothing could have better dovetailed with the worn destinies of Mr. Hickok for their rehabilitation. Within thirty minutes he had drawn those two hundred dollars; in forty he had sent three messages. The first was to the grateful one, promising instant appearance in Cheyenne. The others were of grimmer purpose, and went respectively to Abilene and Hays. These latter were meant to clear the honor of Mr. Hickok.

When Mr. Hickok went into the drama there broke out in Hays and Abilene a deal of invidious comment. There were folk of bilious fancy and unguarded lip who went saying that Mr. Hickok had fled to the footlights as a refuge. He had made enemies, as one who goes shooting up and down our Western streets is prone to do; certain clots and coteries of these made Hays and Abilene their home camps. It was because he feared these foes, and shrunk from the consequences of their feuds, that he called himself an actor, and was shouting and charging and shooting blank cartridges at imitation Indians throughout an anæmic East. Such childish employment kept Mr. Hickok beyond the talons of his enemies: that was the reason of it; and the reason was the reason of a dog. Thus spake Mr. Hickok's detractors; and none arose to deny, since Mr. Hickok's honor was his honor, and the West does business by the aphorism: "Let every man skin his own eel."

Mr. Hickok had not gone in ignorance of these slanders; he had heard them when as far away from Abilene and Hays as Boston Common. Now, he would refute them; he would give all who desired it an opportunity to burn condemnatory powder in his case. He would pass through Hays and Abilene on his slow way to Cheyenne. These hamlets should be notified. Those who objected to Mr. Hickok's career in any of its incidents might come down to the train and evince their disapproval with their guns. With this fair thought, Mr. Hickok addressed as follows the editors of Abilene and Hays:

"I shall go through at such and such an hour, on such and such a day. I wear my hair as long as ever."

The press is a great and potent engine; and who has public interest more at heart than has your editor? Those of Abilene and Hays posted with all diligence the messages of Mr. Hickok on their bulletin-boards, and then made preparation to tell fullest stories of the homicides.

Mr. Hickok cleaned and oiled his guns, and took the train. He looked forward cheerfully to Hays and Abilene. Experience had taught him that the odds were as fifty are to one that not a warlike soul would interrupt his progress. Humanity talks fifty times where once it shoots, and Mr. Hickok was not ignorant of the race in its verbal ferocities. Indeed, being a philosopher, he explained them.

"A man," observed Mr. Hickok, "nacherally does a heap more shootin' with his mouth than with his gun. An' for two reasons, to wit"—here Mr. Hickok would raise invoking finger—"he's a shorer, quicker shot with his mouth; and it costs less for ammunition. A gent can load and fire his mouth off forty times with a ten-cent drink of licker."

To be sure, some vigorous person, whether at Abilene or Hays, might appear in the path of Mr. Hickok on battle bent. Wherefore, as aforesaid, he loaded his Colt's .45's.

"Because," as Mr. Hickok stated it, "I wouldn't want to be caught four-flushin' if some party called my bluff."

It will seem strange that Mr. Hickok was willing thus to invite hostilities. But there were reasons. The perilous case of his honor has already been set forth. Beyond that Mr. Hickok was indifferent. He proposed no attack; he arranged only for defense, and Mr. Hickok knew just enough of the land he lived in to be aware that his right of defense was perfect under the Constitution. The personal danger he thus courted never once addressed the thoughts of Mr. Hickok.

Mr. Hickok was, like most of those who put in their lives upon the dreary, shadowless, outstretched deserts of the utter West, a fatalist. He would live his days; until his time arrived he was safe from halter, knife and gun. If one had asked Mr. Hickok why was he born he couldn't have told. But he would have explained that he didn't care. Mr. Hickok had all unconsciously become a fashion of white Indian, and based existence on a fearlessness that never wavered, added to an indifference that never asked a question. He was what he was; he would be what he would. Men were merest arrows in the air, shot by some sightless archery of nature, one to have a higher and one a lower flight, and each to come clattering back to earth and bury itself in the grave. That was the thought of Mr. Hickok, or rather Mr. Hickok's instinct; for he never shaped it to an idea nor piled it up in words.

It was as Mr. Hickok surmised: there were scores to greet him at Hays and Abilene, but none in hostile guise. While the train paused Mr. Hickok swung down from the platform and stood with his back against the car. There he received his friends and searched the throng for enemies. He was careful, but invincible, and his hair floated bravely as for a challenge.

As the bell rang Mr. Hickok backed smilingly and watchfully aboard.. He had no notion of exposing himself to any with military talent enough to manage an attack in flank. But the peace of those visits to former scenes of smoky effort passed unbroken; and Mr. Hickok's honor was repaired. Mr. Hickok was not above a sedate joy concerning his healed honor, for though he might not own a creed he had a pride.

Now that Hays and Abilene had become parcel of the things that were, Mr. Hickok sat himself down to a contemplation of Cheyenne. This would be his earliest visit to that metropolis. Nor had he in days gone made the acquaintance of any who gave Cheyenne as his home. For which reasons Mr. Hickok decided on a modest entrance.

"Which if thar's one thing that's always made me tired," observed Mr. Hickok, as he talked the subject over with himself, "it's a strange party jumpin' into camp an' domineerin' 'round as though he owned the yearth an' was thar to let it out on shares."

Mr. Hickok planned an unobtrusive descent upon Cheyenne. He would appear in its midst without announcement. He would uncover his merits one by one and permit Cheyenne to learn his identity only when events should point the day and way. He would claim no privileges beyond the privileges of common men.

Such was the simple plan of Mr. Hickok, and he arrayed himself to be in harmony therewith. The corn-colored mane that had flaunted at Hays and Abilene was made prisoner—as in Kansas City—beneath a small-rimmed, soft felt hat which would kindle rage in no man. Because the whiteness of the sun on the parched pampas hurt his eyes, worn as they were with much scanning of midnight decks, Mr. Hickok donned dark goggles. His coat was black and long—to cover his artillery—and almost clerical. To put a finish on a *tout ensemble* that spoke of lambs'-wool peace, Mr. Hickok, limping with a shade of rheumatism, the harvest of many nights on rain-soaked prairies, carried a cane. This latter implement was a resplendent creature, being the butt end of a rosewood billiard-cue, and as heavy, withal, as a Sioux war-club. Thus did Mr. Hickok appear when he made his Cheyenne début. Had any observed him as he went halting up the street he would have been held for one of those evangelists common of the West, present with a purpose to hold services.

Mr. Hickok's Deadwood friend had not arrived. There was word waiting at the Inter-Ocean Hotel that he would not come for a week. Mr. Hickok, at that, decided for recreation.

It was ten of the clock on the first evening, and Mr. Hickok concluded to creep about on his billiard-cue and take a friendly view of Cheyenne. It was well to go abroad with what decent speed he might and acquire a high regard for Cheyenne people; it would be a best, quick method of teaching them to entertain a high regard for him.

"But no trouble!" exclaimed Mr. Hickok with a decisive shake of the head. He was, according to his custom, advising with himself. "No trouble! Thar's nothin' in it. Besides, the first thing I know I'll get bumped off. The pitcher that goes often to the well gets busted at last." And Mr. Hickok sighed sagaciously. Then, as one who registers a good resolve: "From now on I keep out of every row. The next sport who gets a rise out o' me will have to back me into a corner an' prove concloosive that he's out to skelp me. Then, of course, I'll take my usual measures. Thar's nothin' in a row; I never won a white chip in one. Besides, thar's two ends to a row, same as thar's two ends to a faro layout. An' no gent's cunnin' enough to see the finish. While he's tryin' to win a bet in the 'pot' he may lose one in the 'big square'; an' thar you be!"

Such were the cogitations of Mr. Hickok when he turned into the Gold Room Saloon.

"What'll you have, Sport?" asked the barkeeper.

"Licker," said Mr. Hickok, leaning on the bar.

The barkeeper tossed up glass and bottle in a manner of scorn. He had called Mr. Hickok "Sport" not for compliment,

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM

By Arthur E. McFarlane

VANDERBILT THE SECOND

AND BEAMINGLY THINK OUT BIGGER THINGS

IN THE matter of great wealth descending from the father to the son, we who are really wise know precisely how the story must go. The father earned the millions. He toiled incessantly. He wrung his dollars from the earth or wrested them from the sea. The son merely spends them. His only labor is to keep some track of his ever-gathering riches and to devise new pleasures. In the words of one of those Crœsus youths—while his wealth was still prospective: "I used to imagine myself having nothing to do but just touch the bell and say, 'James—ah—bring me up that twenty-three dollars and forty-six cents that's been accumulating since I began this cigar!' Did it turn out that way? Oh, that's a matter into which I would much rather not go."

But the general belief maintains that the father has the harsh, hard time of it and the son the easy. The senior has had to begin the rolling of his snowball of fortune in the bitter frostiness of early morning. From his bare hands alone could come the warmth to hold the snow together. It did not pack itself: he had to pack it. He worked with all nature bleakly and frigidly against him. As for the junior, he continues the work in the warm, mellow glow of afternoon. Raw barehandedness is no longer necessary; he is working *with* all nature now.

The analogy, if of a somewhat juvenile complexion, is not altogether a bad one. Suppose we carry it on a little further. Is it not logic that the bulk which the young man must heave along will grow constantly more unwieldy? He can no longer force it straight ahead, and even to turn it now to this side and now to that is back-breaking labor. Yet, if he has that innate sense of duty which will hold any man not an absolute weakling to the task given immediately to his hand, the thing may double in weight, treble, become of killing heaviness, but he will keep on with all the power within him till his night comes on, and, with their dawn, others can take it up. Of the first three generations of Vanderbilts, the Commodore lived to the age of eighty-three, the second to sixty-four and the third to fifty-one. Of the last, who took his portion of labor with the austerity of one given a religious ordination, there is nothing here to be said. Vanderbilt the Second—William H.—was a giant of a man, standing six feet, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and capable of holding in the most powerful team of blooded trotters in America. But after two years of responsibility as head of the house he was already giving premonitions of collapse. In five years he was compelled to turn over his work to his sons. By the end of the second winter following he was dead. "It will be harder on my boys, too, than it was on me," he said. And upon the son the prophecy heavily fulfilled itself. William H. Vanderbilt was left more than seventy-five millions by his father; to his children he left two hundred millions. He had been the richest man in the world, and for seven years he had been doing the work of twenty men. What happiness he got from life was in spite of his position.

Now, in the beginning, the Commodore was not a man who dissipated his energies in parental affection; and when it came to spreading that parental affection over thirteen children it had to be spread extremely thin. For those children thirteen was undoubtedly an unlucky number. The old man could rarely remember their right names, but for lack of that he called them other things. Again, if father-nature is commonly partial in its view of the capabilities of its offspring, the Commodore had no such weakness. At a very early date, with admirable candor, he told his eldest son that he thought he was a fool. At the grammar school—to which, it may be remembered, the old gentleman had himself flatly refused to go—the boy, though working steadily, had revealed no amazing aptitude. He was slow, big-jointed, awkward, silent and melancholy. Of the old man's grace of body and mental fire he had none at all. "Oh, you won't never be good for nothing!" the latter would say. And William Henry—as stolid as his name—never made any answer. He stood a great deal of that; his broad, heavy face, his big, sensitive, potato nose would get very red; his little eyes would blink; yet inside those thick Dutch lips of his, somehow or other, he managed to keep his tongue.

But at seventeen he picked up his small personal belongings, left that Staten Island house for good and all, and took service as a clerk in the banking house of Drew, Robinson and Company, at three hundred a year. He did good work, too—put something more than ordinary into it—and they added to his salary until it was quite sixteen dollars a week. When they did that, William Henry could very naturally feel that all pecuniary troubles were forever settled, and he did what he had been hungering to do for months—he took unto himself a wife. Miss Mary Kissam, of Brooklyn, was the bride, and she was almost as old as he was.

And they were supremely, rapturously happy. "The money part of it?" That was the simplest thing in the world. It is true the young husband had not savings enough to set up a house; but in East Broadway there were furnished rooms that were quite astonishingly cheap. As for luxuries, what better than a pound of good molasses taffy—a weakness for which stayed with William H., he had shamefacedly to confess, till the year of his death! In short, they didn't ask for much. When two people really care for each other, you know, and if Fate could pardon their being so altogether blissful——

As a matter of fact, Fate did not seem to have noticed the wedding announcements that week. But the old Commodore had. He had never made the boy any allowance, so he could not withdraw the remnants of his favor from him in any palpable way. But, with a bellowing, day-long broadside of language such as I feel would hardly be admitted into these columns he commended William Henry and his bride to perdition, both mundane and sempiternal.

This was very hard upon the young couple, and they were sobered for almost an afternoon. There was nothing for them to do, however, but to continue to live, and they did so. Indeed, although they had to do some terribly close financing, they found themselves rather happier than ever. Drew, Robinson and Company, also, were more and more convinced that they had some one worth encouraging. Again they increased William Henry's salary, and within another year they were talking of a new partnership.

But before it could be offered him the boy's health broke down. The doctors told him if he wanted to live he would have to leave New York and get out in the country somewhere. He had to answer that he had no money. Then they went to the Commodore: he could choose between helping the boy and letting him die. The old man said that "he'd never be worth a row of pins, anyway." But he bought him a seventy-acre farm on Staten Island—much of it "sour" land, and more of it unimproved—and finally and forever washed his hands of him.

Now, it's very well known to be "easy money" when you've nothing to do but lean back in a swivel chair and study the markets and stock quotations; but if your slickly-groomed young Wall-Streeters had to get out with the plow and harrow they'd find that dollars are harder to yank from the soil than pine-stumps. And they'd maybe learn a lot more for their own good.

Young William Henry did learn a lot for his own good. He sat down and learned the whole scientific theory of fertilizing, under-draining and the chemistry of crop rotation. Then, mistaking his miserable lot for the chance of a lifetime, for a holiday that might last forever, he buckled in to build up his constitution. It was a good life—the only free and natural life. For years he had been a slave and never guessed it. He took to farming right down to the ground and four feet under it. He got out to the fields before the rising of dawn, the rosy-fingered, and stayed out till the blessed dewy eve. He put beef on his bones, and developed a pair of flippers so huge that even the most politic of portrait painters never quite succeeded in concealing them. For month after month he could make the joyous boast that he was doing a bigger day's work than any man under him. He soon had a good many men under him, too, and he added to their number as rapidly as his means would allow him. What New York wanted, and couldn't be given too much of, were small fruits and high-grade vegetables. And by the end of the second summer that barren seventy-acre farm was one big market garden.

But that was just where it was! To William Henry it was only a market garden, and he wanted a real farm, something on which you could lay yourself right out and do a man's work. If he only had another hundred acres, now, he might begin to accomplish something. And there was the old man with all his millions. Of course, it would be simple folly for *him* to approach him; but a friend might try it. A friend did try, and was refused with sputtering obloquy. Then William Henry regretfully became his own financier. He figured out just how big a mortgage, at the present rate of profit, his seventy acres would carry; in a few days he had $6000 upon them, and had bought more land.

Now, it was one of the Commodore's Napoleonic peculiarities that throughout his life he was surrounded by satellites who kept him fully informed of the doings both of his business associates and his own family. Hence there soon came to him tidings of the boy's little hypothecation. He sought him out, purple of countenance, and then followed one of those hours

AND THEY WERE SUPREMELY, RAPTUROUSLY HAPPY

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. McFarlane on the origins of the great fortunes of the country.

that seem at some time or other to be inevitable between father and eldest son of all high-stomached dynasties. But this time the *son* — informed anew that "he'd disgraced himself and everybody connected with him" — washed his hands of his *father!* Whether or not the story is a true one that he drew up a calculation of exactly how much he had indebted himself to the old man from his birth up, and within just how many months he counted upon settling with him to the last copper penny, it is certainly true that the old gentleman went back to his counting-house in a kind of stupefied haze and when he recovered therefrom he wrote out young "Billy" — as he always called him — a check for that six thousand. "Pay off that mortgage," he commanded; "and don't never do anything like that again!" In the years immediately following there was at least a cessation of hostilities between them.

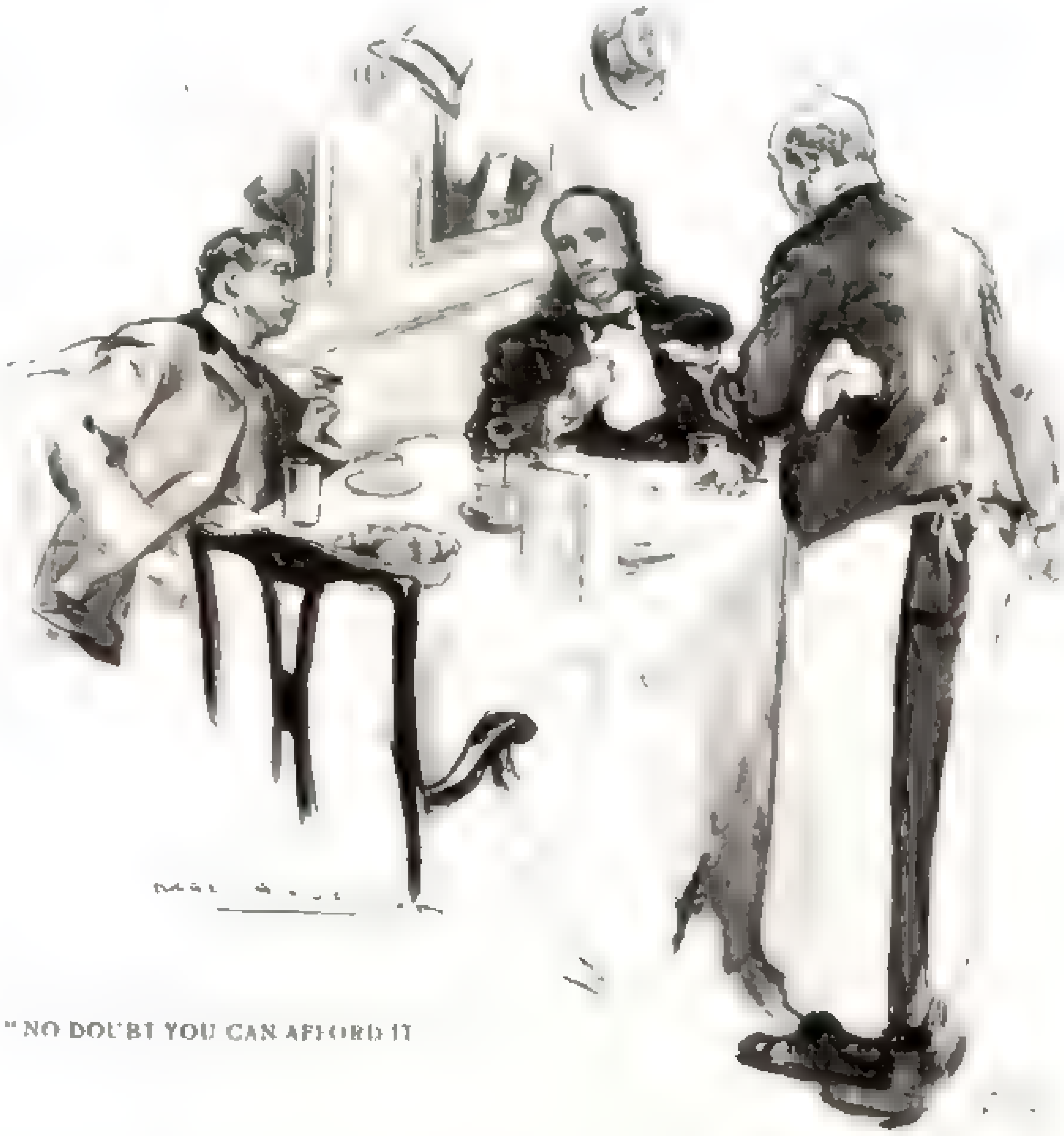
In the mean time "Billy" was going cheerfully ahead at his man's work. Not that he did nothing *but* work. The young couple were enjoying life. They both had a good deal of "second generation culture," and they had already started their picture gallery. For their first picture they paid ninety dollars, "and they hated to let their friends see how extravagant they had been." More than that, the second of the Vanderbilts was beginning to show a fondness for horses "that would not give him the other man's dust." He liked good company, too, and all kinds of it. Especially he delighted in swinging his legs from the Tottenville wharf and listening to the sea tales of the ancient oystermen of that adventurous shore. He did not now do as much manual labor as in his first summers. He preferred to seat himself on a top rail, where his eyes could follow a group of his working hands, and beamingly think out bigger things. His fields were the squares of a chessboard, and he was forever putting himself new problems and new combinations. As for his men, they told him he was getting lazy in his old age. And when he was away at the lunch hour they would turn that top rail of his sharp edge up and bind it so. He would return, climb up and heavily seat himself — to rise again with sorrow about the mouth and a twinkle in the eyes, and seek another rail farther down. It was a joke that master and man seemed to get more fun out of every time it was repeated. At a recent date some of those "knife-edgers" could still be pointed out.

However, as William H. was thus being moved along his fences he had new vistas of the neighboring fields. He did not covet them — he had no hankering for possessions — but, as he often said in later life, "he did like to see a thing taken hold of and managed properly." He bought a meadow here, a bit of upland there, and he put every acre of it as scrupulously under cultivation as if it had been land won and dyked in from the Zuyder Zee. It was only a few years until he was making a clear income of some fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars — which is the interest upon half a million. Yet he was not thinking of his gains in any such manner. To him money was of the same order of things as the seed he planted — much less to be looked to, indeed, for all money was of equal value and all seed most decidedly was not.

No doubt, too, that quality of being able to increase his substance, that necessity of ever widening his activities, descended to him as inherently as the literary ability of Dumas *père* came down to Dumas *fils*, or the statesmanship of Pitt the elder lifted itself again in Pitt the younger. And, if his ability to take his wealth from the virgin soil be the test of whether a millionaire can in any sense be said to *create* that wealth, I think in those years that test was made. With every autumn William H. Vanderbilt added to his land an acreage almost equal to his original holding. From seventy it became one hundred and forty, two hundred, three hundred and fifty. It seems only logical to believe that, had not the inthrust of circumstances turned him off into other things, he would before his death have owned most of the farming land in Staten Island and thousands of acres in New Jersey and Long Island as well. Out West he would probably have become the biggest rancher in the world, and in any case no less a multi-millionaire.

What turned him into another path was this: The tiny thirteen-mile Staten Island Railroad was in the worst of messes. From being useless to itself and to the farmers whose business was largely dependent upon it, it had gone into insolvency. Its stock was largely held by the Commodore and the neighbors of his son. The latter had shown himself the most efficient and made himself the most important man on the island; and now those neighboring stockholders — the Commodore skeptically concurring — asked William H. to act as receiver for the little road. It was plainly something that ought to be managed properly, and manage it properly he did. As a feeder to its Stapleton terminus he established an independent ferry line from New York. He lowered its freight rates, tuned up its schedules, and made it most popular with excursionists by getting up fishing and picnic parties on the South Shore. In a year it was paying; in another year it was quite out of bankruptcy.

And that was a piece of managing which appealed to the old man. He made "Billy" president of the toy-shop road, watched him narrowly for three or four years more, and then told him he had something for him that would "try him out hard." He made him vice-president — that is, chief executive officer — of the Harlem Railroad. William H. had no desire to leave his farm. He was forty-three years old, his habits of life had formed and he was very happy. But, like every good man who has to choose between big work and ease of life, he did not make it a matter of choice.



"NO DOUBT YOU CAN AFFORD IT

And with him the fourteen years following were like another apprenticeship. To the view of the world outside he was completely blanketed by his father, his will in all things wholly subordinate. The way in which he worked, too, seemed to bear that out. In a strange reversal of the customary, *he* was the plodder, the tortoise, while the old man, though in no wise harebrained, relied upon his bursts of genius and leaps of intuition. To picture it in a military figure, while the father put on his harness and fire-eatingly rode down into battle with the hosts of Drew, Fisk and Gould, the son, already more prime minister than crown prince, stayed quietly in the Grand Central cabinet chamber and administered that railroad kingdom. He doubled the tracks of the Harlem, thereby doubling its traffic. The old man made him vice-president of the Hudson River Railroad, and when, in 1869, it was consolidated with the New York Central he made him executive officer of both. William H. doubled their united seven hundred miles of track — and that paid threefold.

When he had no adviser but himself the Commodore had refused to think of going beyond the limits of New York State. "If you go west of Buffalo," he said, intending ridicule, not prophecy, "you'll go to San Francisco, and then to China!" Yet the steady logic of the young man's mind had become an absolute compulsion. In 1873 the Vanderbilts had reached Chicago by the absorption of the Lake Shore. Again William H. was "tried out." He was made president of the new road, and it, too, he made to pay amazingly! . . . In the old man's nature was that queer outcropping of superstition which goes so often with the genius of action. In his later years he used to consult spirit mediums as the early Romans went to the augurs. Now he began to believe that "Billy" had a discernment of things which was more than natural. He used to look at him at times as if he had the golden touch. And when, in 1877, he departed this life, as every one had expected, he left to him — with a doubled burden of labor — seven-eighths of his fortune; some said it was ninety millions; it was at least seventy-five.

At once, in three different ways, it was again put to the son to prove himself. The will of the old man dead gave promise of giving more trouble, even, than had his will when living. One of his sons he cut off with the interest on $200,000. His daughters (he never had any use for women at the best) he left with a paltry million or so. From their husbands there was a frightful outburst. William H. waited long enough for their blood to cool. Then, on Christmas Eve, he drove from house to house, delivering at each a small valise. And each of those valises contained a small holiday gift of $500,000 in securities. One of his brothers-in-law, obviously a better business man than William H., took occasion to point out that, as the market had happened to close, those particular securities were really worth only $499,850. Vanderbilt wrote him out a check for the odd $150, and when he got outside chuckled immoderately over the incident. As may be seen before the end of this study, he was not built on a picayune plan.

Again, into the man's well-known hatred of all conflict many had read timidity. And before he had been in control for a year there was opened the West Shore, a road built to halve the profits of the New York Central. Whether or no you believe that a throat-cutting competition should be allowed by law, Vanderbilt, as head of the endangered corporation, saw only one course open to him. He laid out a campaign of rate reductions which made it a test of which road could lose the most blood and still survive. It was financial death for the West Shore, but it left the old road deathly weak itself.

Thirdly, it was said that the second Vanderbilt had made himself a mere encyclopedia of railroad knowledge; when it came to dealing with men he would learn his deficiencies. Now, that was 1877, the great strike year. And between hard times and the late rate war the wages of the New York Central employees had to be reduced ten per cent. The blood and anarchy taking frenzied way in Chicago threatened to be duplicated in New York. It was said that the Grand Central Depot was chalked for the torch. Vanderbilt the Second founded his belief in his fellowmen upon frankness. He wrote to those angry employees the openest statement of the road's financial position, declared that the reduction must stand, but gave his word that at the earliest warrantable moment the old schedule — and, following it, a better one — should come into force. There was no strike. He showed how he took that mark of confidence by sending the men a gift of $100,000. And, long before they looked for it, their wages went up again. It was the only difficulty of that kind he ever had. He had trebly proved himself — and once more he went back to his work.

He seems always to have known that he had not the genius of his father. He had to get his results by deliberation and logic alone. And from the time when he took charge of the little Staten Island line he had been making the most logical study of the whole matter of railroad transportation. He had learned the good points of fifty different styles of locomotives. He knew track-laying, station-building, freight-handling. He had scrutinized semaphores and due-bills alike. He had personally gone into the minutiæ of branch office bookkeeping and the disposal of cast-off ties. It was not without reason that he was thought of as an encyclopedia. He had fitted himself with all railroad information to be had anywhere on earth. And now, almost suddenly, he found himself able to deal with the subject as with an exact science. For that reason he was probably the greatest railroad man who ever lived.

The Commodore despised all things foreign. William H. brought in a thousand ideas from Europe. His scheme of executive control in minor affairs was largely transplanted from France and Germany. The system of administrative responsibility that he left behind him had been adapted from England. The old man, who had grown up in the days of stage-coaching, firmly believed that the mutual security of the carrier and the carried called for a general transfer at the end of every hundred miles or more. William H. saw that a transference of responsibility was essential, but that the repeated transfer of passengers and freight was an abomination and a loss to all concerned. He had grasped the potentialities of through trains and connected traffic belts. And his brain was ready with that divisional system which alone has made great railroads possible. It was as if he had given a two-thousand-mile canal a system of locks which did away with all delays by the opening and closing of gates.

The Commodore despised the engineering mind. William H. recognized that it was the most potent force in the modern world. The father had an intellect that took whirling streams and yawning cañons at a bound. The son had the type of brain that sits down, gathers its materials with slow-thinking thoroughness and does pier and caisson work; nor was there any flood of opposition or chasm of difficulty he did not bridge with as unmoving a permanence as is within our human

(*Continued on Page 22*)

The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley

CHAPTER III

IMMEDIATELY succeeding events appeared to Mrs Nugent in the light of a just sequence.

"I am not surprised to find that you wish to go away for a while, my dear," she said plaintively to her niece. "Indeed, I should think you could hardly endure it to see that poor, dear man, so pale and disappointed in his surplice, yet bearing up so nobly. You have dealt him a blow in his tenderest sensibilities, Anne, and one that he will never recover from. If you could find it in your heart to reconsider the matter even now, my love, I am quite sure I could ——"

"Please don't speak of it, aunt," said Anne decidedly. "I cannot say just how long I shall be away," she added with a curious embarrassment of manner, which entirely escaped Mrs. Nugent's short-sighted eyes. "I hope you will be quite comfortable while I am gone."

"And you are looking far handsomer than I ever saw you, my dear," that lady went on with a fretful sigh. "I wish you would reflect on the fact that you are quite twenty-seven."

Anne laughed softly. "Please remember what I told you about Lizzie and the other maids," she said. "I have thought far too little about them and their comfort of late."

"What nonsense, child! Our maids are so spoiled that they never stay in a place after leaving us, and you know that quite well. What with having their own sitting-room and dining room, and heat in their bedrooms and porcelain tubs for bathing, and two afternoons a week, I sometimes wonder what you will think of next."

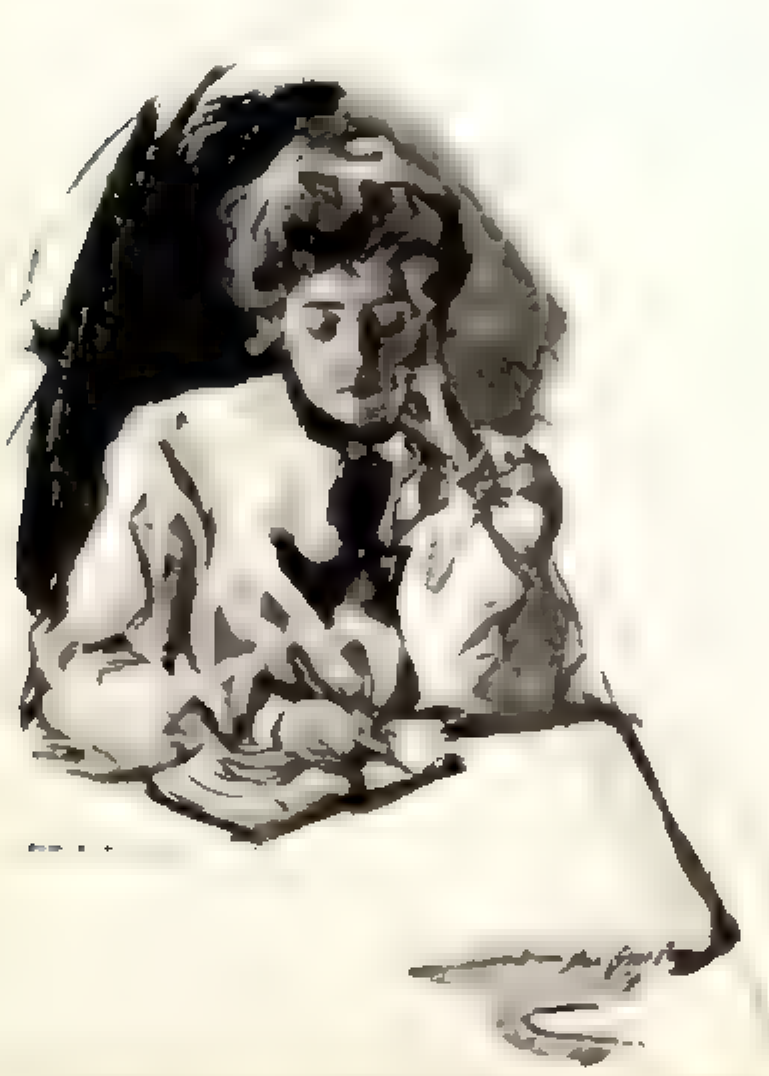
Anne smiled. "I think I shall find some other things to do for them—soon," she said. "I intend to. And aunt"—the girl hesitated, while a slight flush overspread her face and neck—"I don't know that I have spoken to you of a—a girl named Annie Smith. She is a perfectly honest, respectable person, though not an experienced cook, and I have promised to help her. She wishes to go out to service, and——"

"The very thing," observed Mrs. Nugent placidly. "The under kitchen-maid is leaving at the end of her month. The girl is bent on marrying the butcher's boy. I sent for her to come to my room and told her what I thought of her folly. I presume she will be looking for plain washing before long, with half a dozen babies clinging to her skirts. Persons in that rank of life should not be allowed to marry."

"Did you tell poor Mary all that, Aunt Nugent?"

"Certainly I did. And it is quite true, too. The silly little thing cried and said she loved Henry—it seems the butcher's boy is named Henry. I reproved her severely and she grew quite impertinent. Such persons cannot understand the delicate sentiment of love, my dear. However, I have washed my hands of the girl. She is to leave, as I said, at the end of the month, so you may have your protégée call at the housekeeper's room."

"I am sure Annie Smith could not fill Mary's place," said Miss Smith reflectively. "And I don't wish her to work where so many servants are kept. What you will please to do, aunt, is simply to forward to any person who may inquire about the girl during my absence one of the letters of recommendation which you will find in my desk. Will you be so kind as to remember?"



MY FINGERS ARE SO COLD I CAN HARDLY WRITE

"Certainly, my dear, since you ask it. If the girl calls here I will see her myself. I think she might do very well under Bridget—if, as you say, she is respectable and honest."

Miss Smith did not pursue the conversation further, and half an hour later she was driving to the railway station. The subsequent movements of this young woman were so singular that one must look for an explanation of them in a certain unpretentious volume labeled Note Book, which formed a part of her modest luggage. The notebook in question bore on its front page, in Anne Smith's small, distinct handwriting, the words, Notes on Ontology. These "notes" begin abruptly as follows

. . . .

I find that the women in the Ontological Club talk a vast deal about planes. As nearly as I can find out, planes are very much like the shelves in a china-closet, and one cannot very well peek over the edge of one shelf to look at the objects on the shelves above or below. Even if one succeeds in peeking there isn't much use in doing it because one cannot possibly understand what is happening on any shelf but one's own. At least that is what one woman said. Some of the others seem to be able to stand off and see all the shelves at once. They are what they call "unfolded," and very likely will never have to come back to the china-closet again—even to the top shelf of it. It gives one an odd feeling to think one may have been an East Indian or a Chinaman a few years back? I wonder what I was? And I wonder still more what I shall have to be next time.

. . . .

I have been trying to realize that I have a solar plexus. If one can "concentrate" and become really conscious of having a solar plexus one will not care a rap what happens next, or rather, one can make things happen just as one likes. It seems to me that this would be like owning an Aladdin's lamp. My opinion is probably due to the fact that I am not at all "unfolded." We all sat silent for half an hour in the club this afternoon, with a fat, calm Hindu man, who looked something like an idol, on the platform. We were trying to "concentrate" the way he did. After a while I found myself staring hard at the back hair of the woman directly in front of me. I had somehow discovered that she wears two switches. I wonder what father would think of all this?

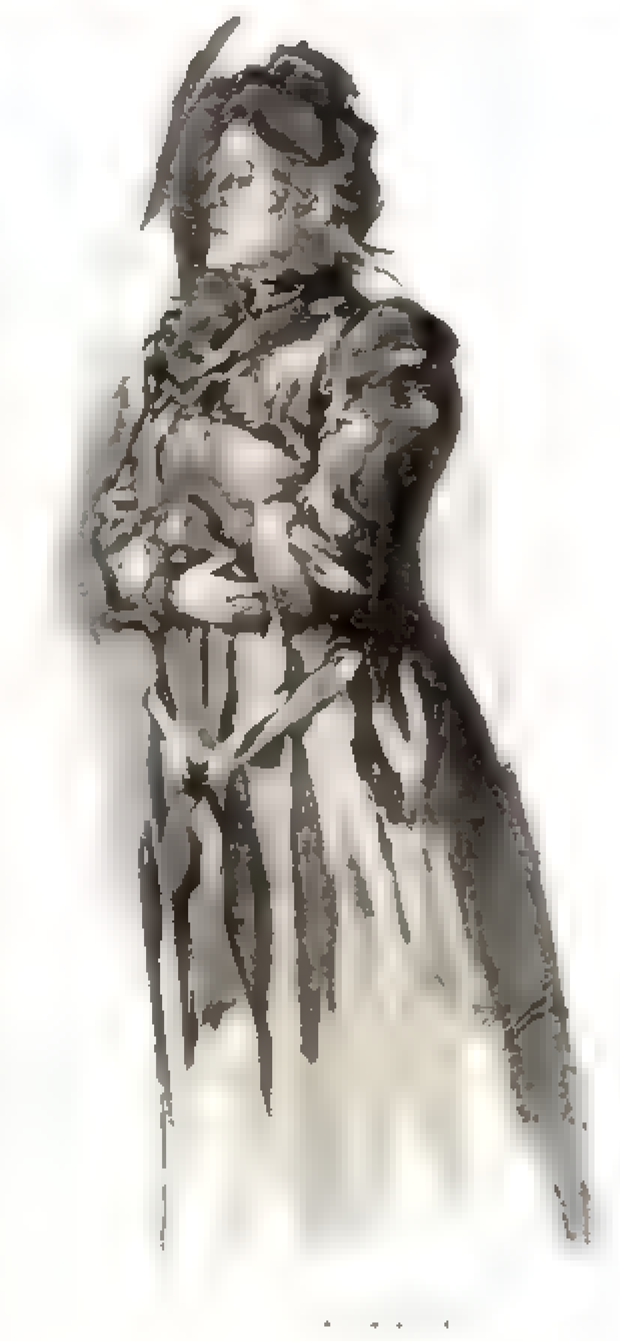
I wish I knew whether any of these remarkable things we are hearing at the club are true or not. They are certainly interesting to a degree, but for my part I don't see how any of it is going to help me very much—to say nothing of the world at large. In fact the most of it is being unearthed from antiquity for our latter-day benefit—or undoing. Really I don't know which. The woman who lectured on reincarnation to-day said that she knew for a fact that St. Paul and Napoleon Bonaparte were one and the same person. It struck me as being a very singular idea. There is a tall, stout woman in the club, named Mrs Van Deuser, who is always talking fussily about "our eonian trends" and "our ethereal environments" and "our spiritual individualities." She is supposed to be very much "unfolded," but I heard the other day that she beat down her sewing woman shamefully on the price of some elaborate embroidery work. The woman told me about it herself. I saw that she had been crying when she brought me some work, and I asked her to tell me why, with the above result. Quite evidently Mrs Van D. has not yet unfolded as to her purse.

. . . . .

We have had a sociological session at the club. I confess that I haven't attended the meetings for a long while. They have been having a course of lessons on Astrology by a greasy-looking old man who lectures in a red cloak trimmed with ermine and covered with embroidered constellations, dragons and things. He says he is a reincarnation of one of the three wise men. Mrs. Van Deuser called yesterday to tell me of the sociological meeting. She says I have missed a precious opportunity because I did not hear Professor Zewilowyk—if that is the way to spell his name. I dare say I have missed a number of them. I am really interested in "the servant problem," so I promised to be present. The discussion has proved a great disappointment, but I have an idea, nevertheless. Why am not I an American laboring woman?

. . . .

The Rev. Frederick Gallatin has asked me to marry him. Aunt Nugent begs me with tears to accept him. The dear woman has discovered the appalling fact that I am rapidly drifting into old maidenhood. She urges me to realize that I am quite twenty-seven. In view of this undeniable fact I have decided to fall back on the idea that my soul mate is not incarnate in this particular lifetime of mine. One does not mind being an old maid under such circumstances; in fact it is distinctly interesting and romantic.



"I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WORK," OBSERVED MRS. JONES WITH RISING SEVERITY OF MANNER

I have made up my mind to see just what sort of a person I am apart from my present environment, which doesn't seem to fit. I have a real desire to work with my hands, to be tired—yes, even to be dirty, for the pleasure of making all clean again. So I am going to work in somebody's kitchen. I am not going to do this because I am especially interested in "the masses." Really I am not interested in them at all. I am interested in myself. If I can find out what I am good for it will be time then to take up other people's problems. I have been writing my own references, and I hope I have told the truth about myself. How can one answer for the honesty of a person who has never had the slightest temptation to be otherwise? If Anne Smith was hungry—really hungry—and a bun belonging to somebody else lay conveniently unguarded, would she eat it? I confess that I do not know.

I shall be glad to get away from Aunt Nugent. She sighs windily every time she looks at me; she is thinking—I know this telepathically—that I have thrown away my one golden chance of matrimony. She would have so liked to refer to "my niece, Mrs. Dr. Gallatin, a very philanthropic and influential woman, my dear."

. .

My fingers are so cold I can hardly write, though I am wrapped in a smelly patchwork quilt taken from the unpleasant-looking bed in which I am to sleep to-night. Nevertheless, I am cheerful, even jubilant. I have got a place! It was all absurdly easy. I said good-by to Winston at the door of the station. The poor old fellow looked really sorry. "It'll be lonesome without you, miss," he said; then apologized for mentioning his feelings. Well-trained servants are not supposed to have discernible emotions of any sort. After dismissing the carriage I walked through to the baggage-room and arranged to store one of my trunks "till called for." The other I had sent to this boarding-house, a respectable place, where one may dine, sleep and breakfast for fifty cents.

I left home in a cheap ready-made suit that I bought last week at a bargain sale for $9.38. I don't think Aunt Nugent noticed it; but Lizzie did, and looked scandalized.

"Sha'n't I bring you your brown broadcloth, Miss Anne, 'stead of that?" she said with an emphasis which made me smile.

"Why, no, Lizzie," I said; "I think this dress quite nice enough. I like it very much; don't you?"

"Perhaps you didn't notice that the skirt is lined with percaline, miss," said Lizzie sternly, "and I am sure the jacket doesn't fit no more'n anythink."

"One can't expect everything in a ready-made suit," I said coolly, as I put it on. "It was a bargain besides; it cost $9.38."

I saw a light come into her eyes. "Where——" she began, then bit the words off short with a blush. Lizzie blushes beautifully. She has the real English complexion of milk and roses.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she added stiffly. "I hope as how I knows my place.

If Lizzie and I were condemned to a prolonged sojourn on a desert island I have no doubt we should shortly find many things in common. As it is, the brotherhood of man is something of a myth as far as mistress and maid are concerned.

"I'm sure I hope I shall know my place as well," I answered honestly. Lizzie looked mystified and a trifle uneasy. She undoubtedly suspected me of sarcasm.

The first move I made, after getting rid of Anne Smith, was to secure a room for the night. At first I thought I could not do this, as the landlady seemed rather suspicious of my resources.

She stared hard at me and harder still at my trunk, a small shabby one, which the cabman had dumped beside me on the steps after bidding me to "look lively" for my fare.

"Ain't you any friends in the city?" she demanded, fixing her ferret eyes on my hat, a plain Alpine, chastely swathed in a brown veil, and from thence descending by slow degrees to the toe of my well-worn boot. "I don't never like to take in one-night roomers—leastways ladies."

"Why not?" I asked anxiously. "I'm afraid it is too late to look for a place to-night."

Her sour face cleared somewhat. "What kind of a place was you lookin' for?" she inquired.

"I'm a bit uncertain," I began in my usual tone, then catching her hard, black eye, as it strove to penetrate between the buttons of my ill-fitting jacket to the secrets of my guilty heart, I added with a bold toss of the head, "Ain't you awful curious, ma'am? But I don't mind tellin' you that I am a-goin' out to service if I gets a place that suits. If you don't want to keep me overnight, though, I guess I can find a place around the corner."

"You c'n come in," said the woman, opening the door. I paid her on the spot for a night's lodging. After this transaction she grew quite communicative and accommodating to the point of giving me the address of an intelligence office only three blocks away.

"You c'n say 'at you're stoppin' at Mis' Buckleses," she said kindly. "The woman 'at keeps the office is a p'tic'lar frien' o' mine."

The office in question was a dingy room three flights of dirty stairs from the street, up which I toiled in the wake of a couple of giggling colored girls. My heart sank within me as I entered, still following the lead of the negresses, one of whom advanced to the desk in the corner with the peculiar swaying, sidelong gait of her race.

"Please, Miss Lehn, Julia an' me couldn't git 'long nohow to that place you sent us las' week. We'se lef'."

The stout, showily dressed woman who sat behind the desk turned over a leaf of the book that lay before her. "You're a couple of worthless baggages," she said without show of emotion.

"No, we ain't, Miss Lehn," retorted the girl; "we's awful smart and likely, we is, but we ain't a-goin' to be put upon like we was no 'count niggahs. You give us 'nother place, an' you'll see. We don' want no mo' 'an fo' in the fambly."

The woman's cold eyes had already seized upon me as I lurked in the background, uneasily debating the question as to whether I would better not, after all, reconsider my sociological aspirations.

"You c'n pay your money and call to-morrow at ten," she said shortly, still addressing herself to the first comers, while her eyes and a slight motion of her elaborately-frizzled head commanded me to approach.

"But dey ain' done pay us yit, Mis' Lehn," whined the colored girl. "Dey's awful mean folks to wuk fo', dey suahly is. You kin cha'ge it up to us. We'll pay fust thing next week."

"You're lying," said the woman. "Go 'long. Was you lookin' for help, ma'am?" she added in a high-pitched, conciliatory tone, as she addressed me.

"No," I almost whispered; "I—I want a place." I was painfully conscious of three pairs of staring eyes set hard on my crimsoning face. One of the negresses giggled. "My lawdy! An' I was mos' thinkin' she was a lady fo' suah!" she whispered loudly.

I bethought myself in time to bestow a glance of scorn on the two. "I ain't very experienced," I added loftily. "I've been livin' to home an' ain't had to work till now. I'm stoppin' to Mis' Buckleses. She told me to mention her name, ma'am."

"Have you any reference?" demanded the cold, official voice of the frizzled one.

I produced the reference of Miss Anne Smith, of Beacon Street. The woman read it slowly, scanning the quality of the paper and envelope. "Inexperienced, but clean an' honest," she repeated thoughtfully. "Well, you look clean enough, an' I presume you're as honest as most. Your name an' address, an' two dollars, please."

"I'll have to get a place right away," I said as I laid the bills on the desk. I had not expected to pay this fee and I was actually frightened as I looked into my purse.

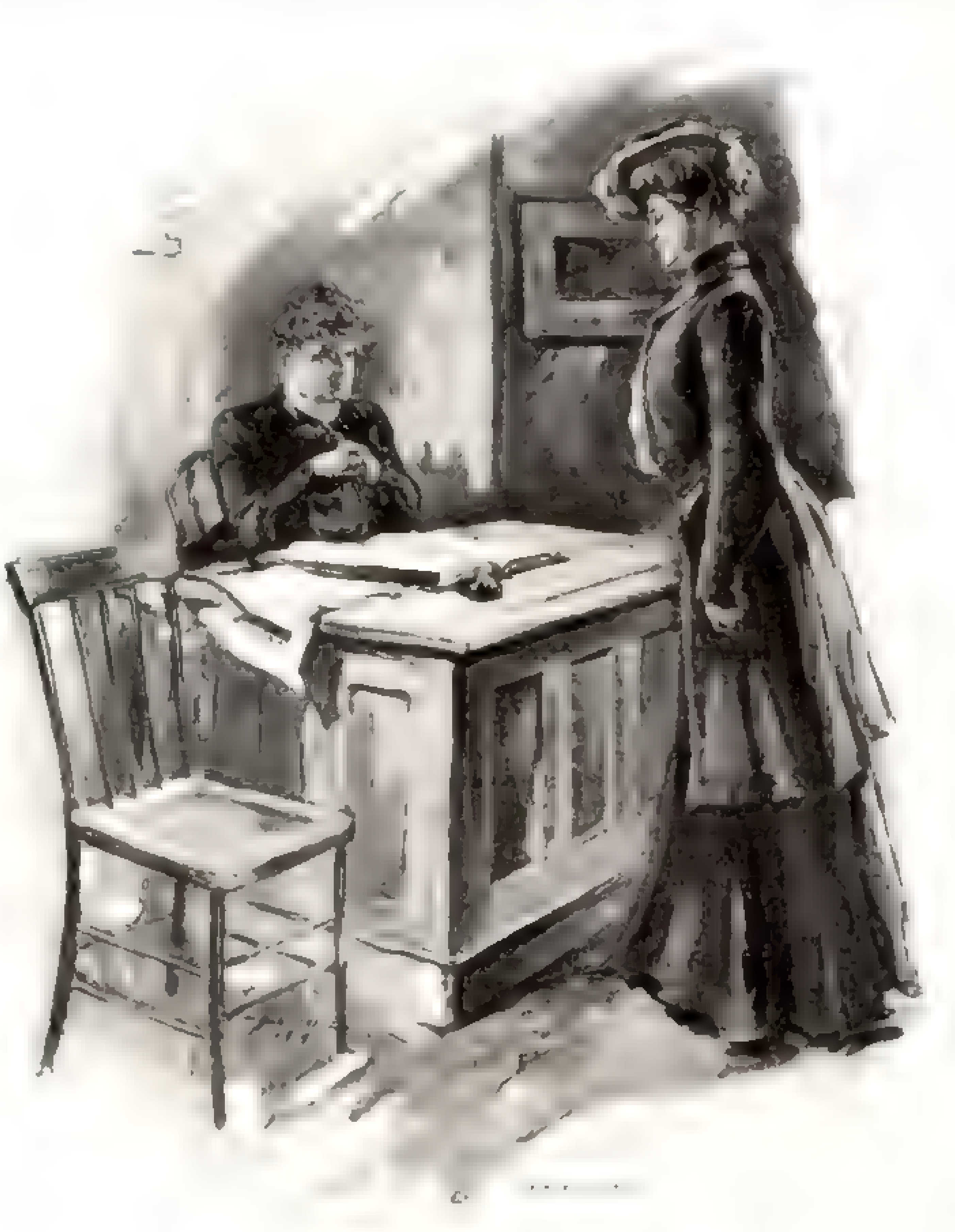
"Well, I c'd sen' you out to-morrow if you'll take a general housework place—in the country. There's a woman in Bentley Manor that's changed six times a'ready since September. She's out of a girl again, an' wants one in a hurry. She pays twelve a month an' helps some with the cookin'!"

"I'll go," I said.

* *

MRS. ALGERNON DE PUYSTER JONES was in process of entertaining a visitor in the parlor of her house in Bentley Manor. The visitor—the clergyman's wife making parochial calls—had stood patiently for five long minutes on the doorstep of the De Puyster Jones residence, distant sounds of hurriedly banged doors and scuttling footsteps assuring her experienced ear that the bell had sounded within and preparations to receive her were on foot.

"I've a good mind to leave my card and go right along," the good lady told herself at last. "I want to make six more calls before suppertime." Just then the door flew open and Mrs. Jones herself—she was Mrs. de Puyster Jones on her visiting-cards only—flushed and somewhat disheveled as to her general appearance, invited the visitor to enter.



"NO," I ALMOST WHISPERED: "I—I WANT A PLACE"

"I'm sure I don't know what you'll think of me, Mrs Bostwick," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as the two seated themselves in the parlor. "But I've been having the most dreadful time with servants lately. I tell Algy we'll have to break up and go to boarding if I can't get somebody before long." Mrs. Jones was a large, somewhat limp young woman, with an uncertain complexion and a quantity of reddish hair which was tumbled untidily behind her ears.

The visitor murmured sympathy and acquiescence, her shrewd eyes taking in the dusty and forlorn condition of the densely-furnished little room.

"I've had six since September," pursued Mrs. Jones with rising earnestness, "and each was more dreadful than the last. For a week I haven't had anybody. I declare I've been almost crazy; what with getting Mr. Jones off to the city on the half-past seven car, and the children to school at a quarter to nine, I hardly know what I'm about. I'm awfully nervous, Mrs. Bostwick. I don't know as I've told you that I've been on the verge of nervous prostration *twice* in the last year. Yes, indeed, I have; I'm taking medicine all the time now. And if *you* have nerves you know what *that* means. Some people seem born without nerves, don't they? There's Mrs. Stone across the street—that woman is a perfect marvel to me! She does all her own work and every bit of her plain sewing besides. That woman hasn't a nerve in her body—not one. But I tell Algy I'm not made that way. If you could *see* my kitchen, Mrs. Bostwick. It's just the way that dreadful Mary left it. The most impudent creature! I haven't had the strength to do more than to get the meals and wash the dishes since she went. I've been lying down all the afternoon *trying* to get up strength to get Mr. Jones' dinner."

Mrs. Bostwick here stemmed the tide of information civilly to regret the interrupted nap.

"No, indeed, don't say a word. I'm awfully glad you called. I was just getting dressed when you rang. I simply have to lie down, you know. I am so nervously organised. But I'm expecting a girl this afternoon. I don't suppose she'll be any good, but then I've simply got to have somebody. I told Algy to tell those tiresome intelligence-office people that they *must* send me a girl or take my name off their books. You have to be firm with such people. They're always ready to impose on you—don't you find them so? I declare I believe *that creature* is coming here. Do look, Mrs. Bostwick; you don't suppose that can be my girl, do you? Why, she is really quite a nice-looking person. Well, I'm sure I deserve a treasure if anybody ever did. Yes, she is coming around back and she has a bundle. Well, I *am* relieved! It did seem as though it would kill me to get dinner. I always did hate cooking, or housework of any kind. Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Bostwick. I'll just let her in, if you'll excuse me, and——"

But Mrs. Bostwick, with a frugally calculating eye for the fleeting minutes, had risen with a relieved sigh. The subsequent monologue carried quite to the verge of the front doorsteps, in the course of which Mrs. de Puyster Jones treated her visitor to a detailed description of Algy's late attack of lumbago and Ethel's sudden seizure with the grippe, touching lightly on the peccadillos of the grocer and closing with a spirited dissertation on the shamefully short weight of the last ton of coal delivered at the De Puyster Jones residence, which Mr. Jones had taken the pains to weigh by scuttlefuls—indeed he had—consumed so much time that Annie Smith standing before the back door was given ample time for observation and reflection.

That young person, neatly attired in her bargain suit, already somewhat drabbled about the feet, actually laughed aloud as she surveyed the latticed inclosure in which she stood. It is likely that few other persons in the town of Bentley Manor would have seen anything humorous in the collection of objects at which she gazed. The ash barrel, its legitimate contents topped with a miscellaneous collection of tin cans and waste paper, guarded a platoon of rusty and disabled kitchen utensils brimming over with malodorous refuse. In the background lurked a dark-complexioned mop, three spavined brooms and a tin pail oozing kerosene oil. A fine wet snow was sifting itself impartially over the scene.

Repeated knockings of a respectful degree of loudness failing to elicit any response from the mud-spattered door, Miss Smith resorted to the handle of her umbrella. The door flew wide at this and the girl was confronted by her new mistress.

"Are you the girl from Lehn's?" inquired the lady without preamble.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can come right in. I guess I better have a little talk with you before you go upstairs to change your dress."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm *very* particular about my work," observed Mrs. Jones with rising severity of manner. "You may not think so to look at this kitchen"—the girl's bright eyes were roving over the place with evident dismay—"but I've had a dreadful creature here—an Irish girl. I do hope you're German."

"No, ma'am; I'm an American."

"Dear, dear! I was hoping you might be German, or a Swede. Americans do have such ideas! Are you a good cook?"

The girl hesitated. "I can make good coffee," she said slowly. "Yes, and a Welsh rabbit, and I suppose I could

(*Continued on Page 20*)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ It is disheartening to call a bluff that is not a bluff

¶ A woman's idea of economy often gets no farther than hash for breakfast

¶ It has been the fashion to jeer at the man who knows enough to get in out of the wet ever since the days of Noah.

Dies Iræ

GERMAN thinkers and writers are said to be "appalled" by the output of books there—just as are our thinkers and writers by the same phenomenon here. In fact, everywhere in this modern world the "literary class" is deeply pained by its threatened "vulgarization."

There was a time when to be able to read and write gave one caste. This was succeeded by the time when to have written a book was self-evident proof of one's superiority. Now it begins to look as if the time were at hand when letters would be able to hold out a reward of distinction only to him who wrote a *good* book

Is it surprising that the foreflung shadow of that dread day appals some writers?

The Doctor's Bill

THERE are 200,000 doctors in the United States, collecting in fees each year more than $150,000,000. Then there are the prescription bills and the huge expenditures for patent medicines. Clearly, sickness is one of the main events in the routine of the average American's life.

Among no other people is intelligence so widely diffused as among us. Among no other people are the means to comfortable and attractive life so widespread. And those medical facts show that we are in no haste, so far as desire goes, to adventure the life beyond. Yet those colossal expenditures for drugs, those doctors so numerous that there is one for every 400 people, are proofs of our national ignorance of the laws of health, our national indifference to the comparatively easy precautions against sickness.

There are cases of unavoidable illness. But a wise man is slow to assume that his is one of them

The Tax on Ugliness

A PROMINENT citizen of Greater New York has given it as his opinion that the utter lack of regard for convenience and beauty manifested in the planning and construction of the Brooklyn terminal of the East River Bridge has cost the municipality of Brooklyn fifty millions of dollars in loss of real-estate values. The estimate may be exaggerated, but there is at least enough truth in it to set people thinking. The popular view of the planning of public works has been that it is all very well to pay some attention to the requirements of beauty when there is plenty of money on hand for the purpose, but that at the best beauty is a luxury that is a heavy drain on the taxpayer. If Mr. Edward M Shepard is right the truth is just the other way around It is ugliness, and not beauty, that costs money, and for which the taxpayer, directly or indirectly, is obliged to pay enormously

A little reasoning ought to convince one of the wisdom of Mr. Shepard's assertion. The city or town or village where public improvements are planned and carried out with regard to some other considerations than those of bare utilitarianism never lacks for means to make such improvements As improvements are made, property increases in value, its owners and the community at large are mutually benefited There is no more practical illustration of the scriptural declaration that to him that hath shall be given, and that from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath

One of the things that the people of our large cities need to have impressed upon them is that beauty is an asset and that ugliness is a liability, and that the movement in behalf of municipal improvement that is making such noteworthy headway in various parts of the country has back of it something more than an æsthetic impulse It is based on a recognition of the fact that the people are entitled to beautiful and wholesome surroundings as a right and not as a privilege, and that no more beneficent investment of public resources can be made than to build a city where beauty shall be the common heritage of all who dwell therein

A New Deal in Europe

A FRENCH statesman remarked at the beginning of this war that it might lead to new and startling groupings of the Powers. It may, indeed. For instance, consider the effect of a complete Russian defeat at sea upon the Franco-Russian alliance.

When that league was formed one of its chief objects in the minds of both parties to it was the creation of a naval power superior to the Triple Alliance on the one hand, and able to make head against England on the other. This object seemed to be attained. The fleets of France and Russia were much stronger than those of Germany, Austria and Italy, and they appeared on paper a fair match for the navy of England

But the practical elimination of Russia as a naval power would completely transform the situation. The German navy alone will soon be equal to that of France, so that the French fleet plus the débris of the Russian squadrons would be no match for the forces of the Triple Alliance. Still less would it be able to challenge British supremacy at sea. Thus the Franco-Russian alliance would lose a great part of its reason for existence. There could hardly be a better illustration of the futility of prophecy. Among all the statesmen who built up the two rival European leagues, and who anxiously canvassed all the possibilities that might affect the position of either of them, there was probably not one who took account of the contingency of a naval defeat of Russia by Japan.

If the Franco-Russian alliance is to continue it will need to be strengthened in some way at sea. There is one possible recourse in that direction which no doubt is having earnest consideration at Paris and St. Petersburg. If Italy could be won over from the Triple Alliance the impaired position of France and Russia would be restored. Italy's present associations are unnatural. She would like to get Trent, Trieste and Dalmatia away from her ally, Austria, and her interests clash with those of Austria in Albania. France and Russia could offer to satisfy her there and also in Tripoli. As an inducement to break her present relations with England they could promise her the reversion of Malta.

Italy holds the key of the European situation. She is in a position to make the rival Powers of the Continent bid high for her friendship.

The Measure of a Man

IT IS somewhat strange that so much time and energy should be spent in inquiring about and discussing the intelligence of the lower animals when so little is known about the intelligence of man

Have you ever looked back over your actions for a single day, and tried to decide which and how many of them were intelligent, which and how many instructive or blindly imitative or wholly accidental? Have you ever tried to find out just how much actual, independent thinking you were capable of, just how far you were dependent upon your books, your newspaper or your acquaintances for your ideas and opinions?

Yet this thinking capacity is the measure of a man. At imitation, at instinctive performance many of the lower animals surpass us.

A Man Diligent in Business

A YOUNG man, appointed to a position of importance and possibility, fixed his office hours at from ten to five—with an hour for luncheon—and set apart the rest of the day to relaxation. It was not until the end of his third month that his employer began to look about for his successor—but that was because his employer happened to be his personal friend

"He wanted me to kill myself in his service," was the young man's explanation to his friends when he "resigned" And a great many of his friends are sympathizing with him in his hard luck

There is a widespread theory that a man should confine his business to the office. Happily, the conditions of life are making this theory more and more difficult to act upon And it may presently come to pass that a man will have to spend all his waking hours in thinking, directly or indirectly, of the matter that is the most important to him and should be the most fascinatingly interesting That will not be a great day for the lazy and the long eared

Friend and Foe

BEYOND question, England is our friend Beyond question, in the troubled state of affairs in the East England longs to feel that Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hay are ready to back her up. Beyond question, we ought to back up England or any other nation in any honorable, straightforward, *peaceful* effort to keep the angry nations from making stupid brutes of themselves by engaging in war.

But—we are friends with England only as England is part of mankind. We are under no obligations whatever to England. It is not by permission from her that we inhabit these shores and speak an improved form of the English language. We do not especially care whether she or Japan or Russia or France or Germany gets in the Orient what each covets of other people's property

We can take care of ourselves. We could take care of our friendly little cousin, too, if we chose But we don't choose We have other and better uses for our blood and treasure

Let England burn her own paws in pulling her own chestnuts out of the fire. We will make treaties with the victor and exchange the goods of peace with him—and with the vanquished, too

Why We Pay Taxes

THIS definition of taxation is from Montesquieu

"Each citizen contributes to the revenues of the State portion of his property in order that his tenure of the re- may be secure."

We are wandering farther and farther from this ideal of taxation. Yet does it not remain the wise and the safe ideal? When a body of men can get together at Washington or at a State capital and vote away your money for any other purpose whatsoever, is it not the beginning of corruption, the beginning of a progressive confiscation that must ultimately impair all property rights?

Security is the sole object of a democratic state. Provision for other purposes requires more wisdom than is likely t assemble in a modern legislative hall

The Home of the Microbes

IF ST. PAUL could have foreseen the time when 96,000,000 microbes would be found on a single greenback he would have been more than ever convinced that the love of money is the root of all evil. The health authorities throughout the country are becoming aroused to the dangers of disease-carrying currency, and Health Commissioner Darlington, of New York, proposes that every piece of money in circulation shall be frequently disinfected. At the same time Congress is asked to pass an act compelling the Government to destroy all the bills it takes in and pay out none but new ones

Of course, nothing ought to be allowed to stand in the way of health, but it is worth while to remember that, under this arrangement, bills of small denominations would be an extremely expensive luxury for our Uncle Samuel. It costs the Government a little over a cent and two-thirds to print, issue and redeem a note, regardless of its size. That is over one and two thirds per cent. of the value of a dollar bill. If the notes were purely fiat—issued with nothing but the public credit behind them—the Government would, in effect, be borrowing at three and one-third per cent. if they were redeemed twice a year, six and two-thirds per cent. if they were redeemed quarterly, and twenty per cent. if they were renewed monthly. But, in addition, it loses the interest on a huge gold reserve and an enormous mass of silver bullion, most of the small bills being silver certificates

The cost of printing and handling is insignificant in proportion to the value of large bills, but it is very heavy in proportion to that of small ones. The Bank of England, which never pays out an old note, issues no notes for less than twenty-five dollars. In the number of pieces our bills above that figure are not worth counting

What we really need is a handy coin to take the place of the one-dollar and two-dollar bills. The silver dollar is too clumsy

If somebody will show us how to make a dollar of about the size and weight of a quarter, durable, distinctive in appearance and not easily counterfeited, we can retire all our small paper currency, and several trillion microbes will be out of a job.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

WE RODE along without adventure of any kind, though I momentarily expected to hear the tramp of Forrest's outriders behind us. They never came, and about ten o'clock — my stomach was my clock in this instance, for I had had no breakfast — we suddenly turned off from the main road and plunged into the shadows of the finest wood I had ever seen. There were giant chestnuts, giant poplars, giant oaks and giant pines. They were so large that human beings seemed small and insignificant beside them, and I realized that we were in the primeval forest.

The thought, however, did not satisfy my hunger, and I wondered when and where a halt was to be called and rations parceled out. It is a vexatious feeling for the young to have the pangs of hunger, and I was not used to a long fast. My feelings were relieved by Whistling Jim, who informed me that he had placed a very substantial ration in my holsters; and I am free to say that, after Colonel Ryder, the negro was the most thoughtful and considerate person I have ever seen. He had an easy explanation for it, and spoke of it very lightly, remarking that all he had to do was to think of himself first 'an' de white folks nex'.'

In turning into the wood we were following the lead of the little lady in the top-buggy, and I think that Colonel Ryder had no idea whither she was leading him. Yet he yielded himself and his men to her guidance with a confidence that few soldiers would have displayed. We had come very rapidly until we turned out of the main road, and then we went along more leisurely. This gave me time to overcome my natural stupidity, for I finally realized that our rapid movements on the main road were intended to place us beyond the reach of Forrest's advance guard.

The byway that we were now following appeared to be little used, yet it was a wide road and a good one, and probably served as the means of communication between isolated farms, or it may have led to some lonely grist mill which had been built for the convenience of that thinly-populated region. Though it was but little used it was plain to the eye, and I thought with a smile that if Captain Bill Forrest's company should happen to have any leisure a dozen or more of them would be sure to see where it led, in which event ——

The smile faded away as soon as it came, for I thought of the little lady in the top-buggy who was driving ahead with so much confidence. She would be safe in any event, but what would she think of me if her brother should be captured or killed? I shrunk from facing such a contingency. I shrunk without knowing why. Being a young fellow, and feeling my importance as I have never felt it since, I imagined she would hold me responsible. I had interfered with her plans in more ways than one, and I felt that she owed me a grudge that would grow to enormous proportions should any harm come to her brother.

I was suddenly recalled to the affairs of the moment by hearing the screams of a woman, followed by a rifle shot. I saw Jane Ryder urging her horse forward, and without waiting to see what Colonel Ryder proposed to do, I urged my horse forward, followed by Whistling Jim. The scream of the woman had sent a cold chill all through me, and I was in no humor for waiting to see what the others would do. I thought I heard shouts behind me, but I paid no attention to them. I turned my horse sharply to the left and headed him in the direction from which the sounds had come.

Keeping a sharp eye ahead, I soon came in sight of a cabin sitting lonely and forlorn in the middle of a small clearing. I saw more than this, for three men were engaged in a desperate effort to batter down the door. My horse bore me past the little lady in a flash, although she was using the whip. With a cry of "Halt and surrender!" I rode at the men pistol in hand. They whipped around the house without looking back, and ran off into the thick undergrowth, where it would have been both useless and dangerous to pursue them.

They left one of their number on the ground, the victim of the rifle shot we had heard. He begged lustily for both mercy and water. If he had been compelled to choose between the two I think he would have taken water. I gave him my canteen, which he emptied at a gulp and called for more. There was a strange silence in the house — a silence in decided contrast to the screams I had heard, and I wondered if the wretches had shot the woman. I started to knock on the door with the butt of my pistol, but Jane Ryder was before me.

"Only children do such foolish things," she exclaimed, and I thought she had scorn in her voice. "Sally! Sally Rodgers! Open the door if you are alive! Don't you know me? Your friends are here."

"Pardon me!" I said, pushing past Jane Ryder as the door opened. For a moment I could see nothing whatever, not even the woman who had opened the door, but when my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom that pervaded the house — all the windows were closed — I saw the big Irishman whom I had met at the tavern a few nights before. He was sitting very quietly in the chimney corner, but I observed that he had me covered with his rifle. I stared at him without a word, and he was equally as silent, but something in the situation — or in his face, for he had as pleasing a countenance as I have ever seen — caused me to laugh.

"'Tis a long mile from a joke," he declared. "Ye see before ye Private O'Halloran av the sharpshooters. Wan av us is a prisoner, an' I'm thinkin' it's not meself."

"It is not given to every man," I replied, "to be taken prisoner while he is still a prisoner. You will have to speak to Colonel Ryder."

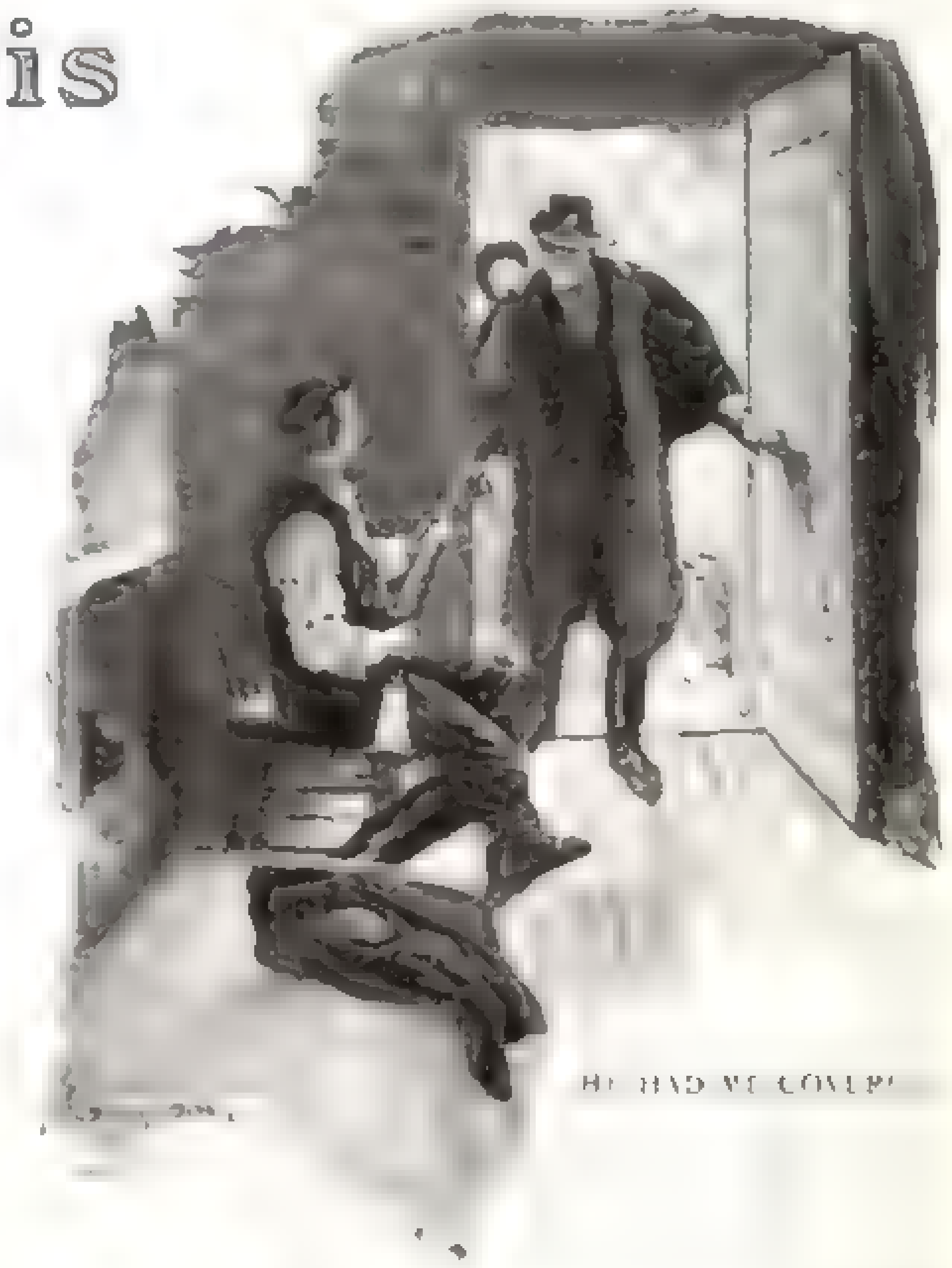
The woman had come from behind the door to greet Jane Ryder, and now she was giving her all the details of her troubles, her voice pitched in a very high key. Meanwhile, half a dozen children in various stages of undress swarmed from under the bed and stood staring at us. "The sound of the woman's screams," said I to Jane Ryder, "caused me to forget that I am a prisoner. I hope your brother doesn't think that I made that an excuse for running away."

"And why shouldn't a prisoner escape — if he can?" she asked after a moment's hesitation. "You'll never have a better opportunity to rejoin your command. You are not under parole, and you are under no obligations to my brother. You have only to mount your horse, beckon to your negro, and follow the path you will find at the back of the house. It leads by a grist mill. A part of your command has already passed on the road beyond the mill, but if you will go now you will fall in with the rearguard."

"Beggin' pardon," said O'Halloran, taking off his hat to the lady, "the lad has engagements wit' me. He's me twenty-ninth, all told, an' there's luck in odd numbers. If it's all the same to you, mum, he'll stay here."

"But it's not all the same to me, Mr. O'Halloran," she said, turning to the Irishman. "I prefer that he should go."

His eyes grew bigger as he stared at the lady. "Oh ——" he exclaimed, and then paused with his mouth open. "Niver did I hope to see me gallant Captain in this rig. It doesn't become ye at all. The trimmin's make ye a fut shorter, an' be me soul! ye was short enough to begin wit'." His amazement made her laugh, but she made no reply.



HE HAD ME COVERED

"Are you going?" she inquired, turning to me. I hesitated. Undoubtedly here was an opportunity, but something or other — some feeling or sentiment — call it what you will — held me back.

"Not now," I said finally. "Some other time, perhaps, but not now." I did not realize at the time why I held back — why I refused to be free.

She turned away from me with a petulant shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say that she was no longer under obligations to me for preventing her capture by the party that had raided the tavern. The big Irishman, who had evidently recognized the little lady as a person of some importance, went so far as to try to persuade me to make my escape, or rather, to take advantage of the escape I had already made.

"If ye're stayin' thinkin' he's a woman, don't do it. Don't stop for to say good-by, but straddle yure horse an' be off wit' ye."

But the little lady had a mind of her own, as I was shortly to discover. After she had talked with the woman for a few minutes, she turned to me.

"Will you ride with me a few miles?" she inquired. "Your negro can lead your horse."

I agreed with such promptness and eagerness that a faint tinge of color came into her face. But, in the bustle of getting away, I paid little attention to her appearance. She turned the buggy into the woods, and was soon driving along with no road to guide her. I had not the remotest idea whither she was carrying me, but by way of saying something I protested against the way she was pushing her horse. "You will need him after to-day," I explained.

"I have reason to be in a hurry," she said. "Horses are cheap enough with us. They are furnished by the Government."

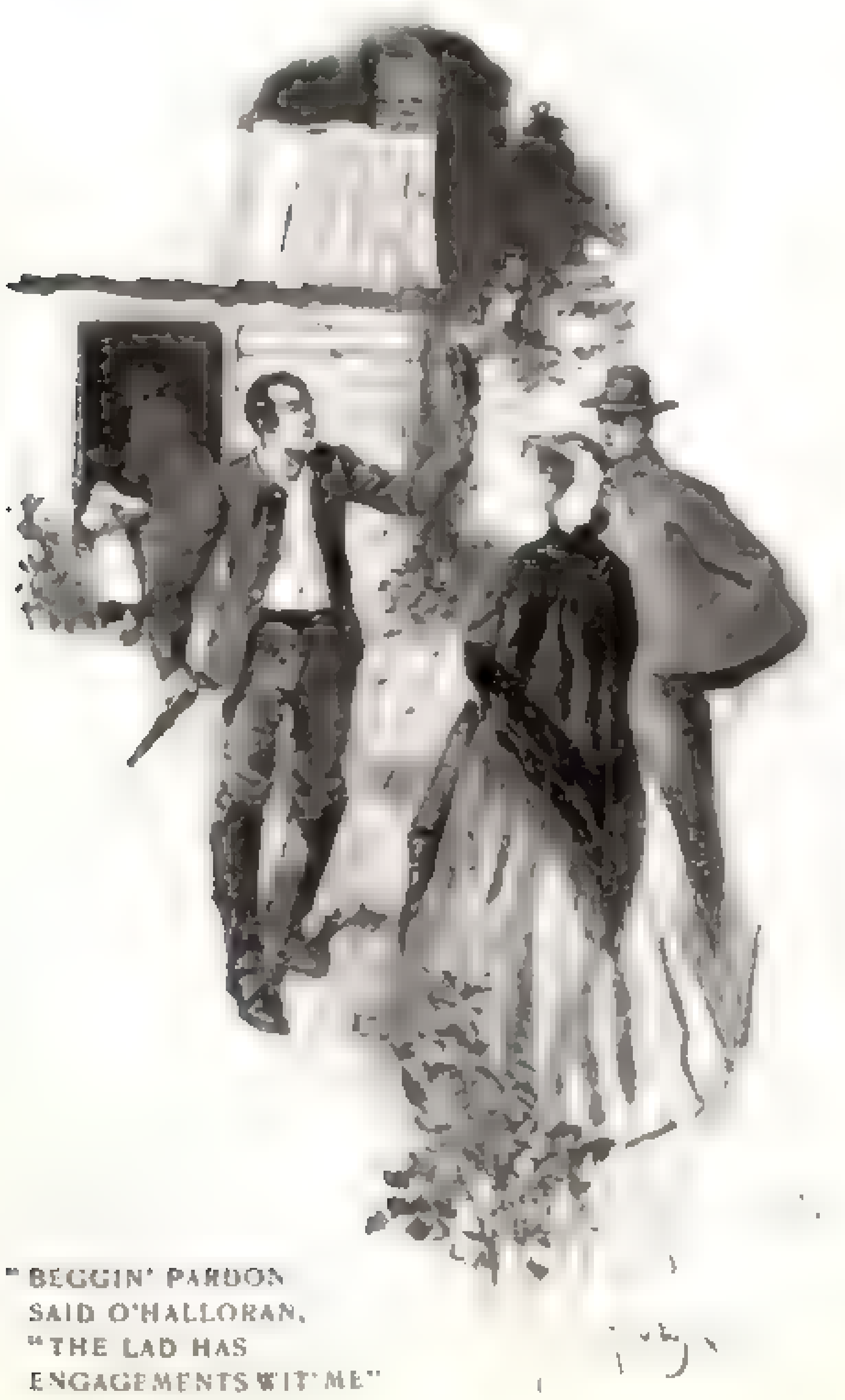
"Still, he is a fairly good horse," I remarked, "and he deserves some consideration on his own account."

"Do you think so?" she cried. "I am sure you are very kind — to horses. If I am driving him too hard you have yourself to thank. You have upset all my plans, and I am not very happy. Don't you think a woman deserves as much consideration as a horse?"

"They are to be treated according to their deserts," I answered gravely. "They know what duty is. Private O'Halloran says that you are no woman, and I say that you are no man. Where does consideration fall in your case?"

"I ask for no more consideration than you would accord to a human being. Mr. O'Halloran has never seen me in my proper dress before, and he knows only how I appear at night when I am working for the cause of the Union. But who are you that you should judge of the deserts of men and women? You are nothing but a boy, and you'll not be different when you are a man. Instead of marching with your comrades, here you are riding in a buggy with a woman — and for what? In the name of Heaven, tell me for what?"

She seemed to be overcome by quite a little flurry of passion, and her manner irritated me. "You know why as well as I do," I replied soberly enough. "You heard the orders my General gave me in the first place, and, in the second place,



"BEGGIN' PARDON," SAID O'HALLORAN, "THE LAD HAS ENGAGEMENTS WIT' ME"

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you know that I am a prisoner. It is odd that you can play a game and forget the score I imagined when I started that my duty would be the greatest pleasure of my life '

Do you know where you are going now?" she inquired very seriously

'It is a matter of indifference to me, I answered. "Wherever I go, I am in the hands of Providence

If you could believe that," she remarked it would do you a world of good

I laughed at her serious manner. "Believe it!" I exclaimed. "Why, it is too plain for mere belief. I do not believe it - I know it

She was silent for a long time, and when she did speak her words showed that the matter was still on her mind. "It seems to me very peculiar," she said, "that one so young should have such solemn thoughts

Why do you call them solemn thoughts? I asked. "Can anything be more cheerful than to know that you are altogether in the hands of a higher Power—to know that you will be taken care of; or, if you perish, to know that it will be in the very nick of time."

"You are too serious to be romantic." she said. "I should like to see you making love '

"I can gratify your humor with a right good will—only the lady I would make love to despises me."

"I'll never believe it," she declared, and it was evident that she meant what she said

"That is because you have only a vague idea of the cruelty of woman when she has a man at her mercy—and knows it.'

I should like to see some woman at your mercy," she said. "No doubt you would give free play to the strap and the rawhide and other implements of the slave-driver

Her words made me wince, and I must have shown the wound, for when I looked at her her countenance wore an expression of regret and repentance. "You must forgive me," she declared. "If we were to be thrown together you would have to forgive me fifty times a day '

'Well, I thank Heaven," I exclaimed with some feeling, "that I was never at the mercy of more than one woman, and that fact was mitigated somewhat She was arrayed in the garb of a man, and I was so sorry for her that I forgot she had me at her mercy '

You should have told her," the little lady declared. "Perhaps if she had known, her conduct would have been vastly different. You never know what a woman will do until she has been put to the test."

"She did a good deal," I said sullenly. "She called me a coward, a rebel and a traitor

Then she must have been in despair,' replied the little lady in the most matter-of fact way. "When you are a little older you will discover that 'despair has an anger all its own. But I hope you will never feel it," she sighed. "Any one can see that you know very little about women."

I hope my ignorance does me no harm I suggested

Not the slightest," she answered. "It is a help to you. It is the sort that goes with youth, and I had rather have your youth than all the experience in the world."

The answer I made I shall always regard as an inspiration. "You can have my youth," I said, "if you will take all that goes with it." For one or two little moments she either doubted her ears or failed to catch my meaning But when she could no longer doubt—when she was obliged to understand me—she hid her face in her hands to conceal the result of her emotions I seized her hands and compelled her to look at me. She was blushing like a schoolgirl. "Is my youth, with all its appurtenances, worth your acceptance?" I asked. She made no reply, and I think she would have maintained silence the rest of the way but for my persistent chattering.

To me her embarrassment was very beautiful—thrilling, indeed—and in some mysterious way her youth came back to her, and she seemed to be no more than sixteen "My youth is not too youthful for you," I insisted "I have grown very much older lately, and you have become a girl again in the last five minutes." She was still silent, and I took advantage of it to draw her hands under the lap-robe. "There is no reason why your fingers should freeze," I said.

"They are not likely to—now," she declared, and, though it may have been pure imagination, I thought she leaned a little nearer, and the bare idea of such graciousness on her part seemed to change my whole

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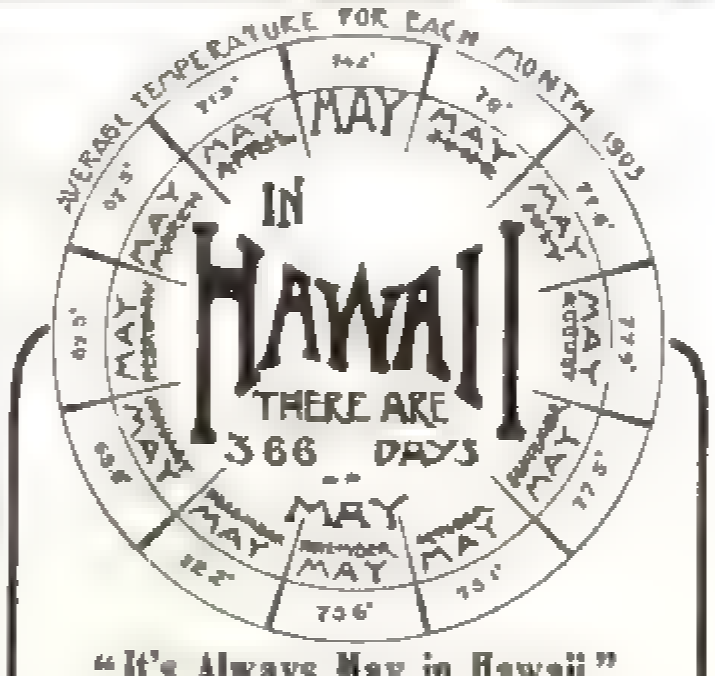
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nature. All the folly of youth went out of me, and love came in and took its place and filled my whole being. What I had been belonged to the remote past; I knew that I should never be the same again.

"I offered you my youth," I said, "and now I offer you my manhood, such as it is. You must answer yea or nay."

She gave me a quick, inquiring glance, and her face told me all that I desired to know. "Neither yea nor nay," she replied. "We are both very foolish, but, of the two, I am the more foolish. We are trying to look too far ahead, we are prying into the future, and the future is away beyond us. Everything you say and everything I have in my mind is absurd, no matter how agreeable it may be. Do you care enough for me to desert your comrades and fling your principles to the four winds? Do I care enough for you to leave my people and give my sympathies to your side?" She was smiling as she spoke, but I knew that she was very serious, and I made no reply. "I am going to tell you the simple truth," she went on. "I do care enough for you to leave everything for your sake, for there can be no real love where there is not a willingness to sacrifice all—— Oh, I don't know why women are compelled to make all the sacrifices."

"She not only does that," I replied, "but she is compelled to bear the burden of them alone. Man is a hindrance rather than a help, but I am here to help you."

"Then help me in the right way," she implored.

"I will," I replied; "but here is an argument that is worth all the rest," and with that I drew her to me and pressed my lips to hers. She made no resistance, but somehow the argument did not appeal to her reason.

"I could kiss you twice ten thousand times," she declared, "but facts would remain the same. I have heard that your people have great notions of honor, and I hope it is true in your case."

Well, it was only too true, and I knew it, but, manlike, I must take some reprisal from the truth. "Your mother told me," I said, "that you have a great knack of hurting those you love."

She leaned against me with a sigh. "If I thought that the truth could really hurt you," she declared, "I should never be happy again in this world, but it is something else that hurts, and it is hurting me a great deal worse than it is hurting you."

I suppose I am not the only man in the world that has been caught in the desert that sometimes stretches its barren wastes between love and duty. I knew that if I but held out my hand to this little woman she would give up all, and, assuredly, had she held out her hand to me I should have flung duty to the winds. But she was of a different mould. The only comfort I had was in feeling that the sacrifice was mutual.

I longed for her brother to ride up behind us, so that I might still be a prisoner, but she had provided against that. I realized at last that I had never been regarded as a prisoner. I should have been grateful, but I was not—at least, not at the moment. If, as has been said, a man cuts a ridiculous figure when he is sulking, my appearance must have been truly laughable. But the little lady was very patient. Her eyes were so full of tears, as she afterward confessed, that she could hardly see to guide her horse.

When I came to take note of my surroundings I could not refrain from uttering an exclamation of surprise. We had issued from the forest, when or how I knew not, and were now ascending a very steep hill. Looking back, I saw a mill behind me, and noticed that Whistling Jim was engaged in conversation with the miller. He was evidently negotiating for meal or flour; but it all came to me as in a dream.

"Did you see the mill as we came by?" I asked.

"Certainly," the little lady replied. "Didn't you hear me speak to the miller?"

"I don't know how I am to forgive you for seeing and hearing things. I didn't know we had come out of the wood."

She laughed merrily and laid her face against my arm, but when she lifted it she was crying. "Oh, don't make it too hard for me," she pleaded. "I am not myself to-day. Duty has been poisoned for me, and I shall be wretched until this war is over. Surely it can't last long."

"Not longer than a century," I said.

"Look yonder!" she exclaimed.

We had now reached the top of the hill, and when I looked in the direction in which she pointed I saw a sight that thrilled me.

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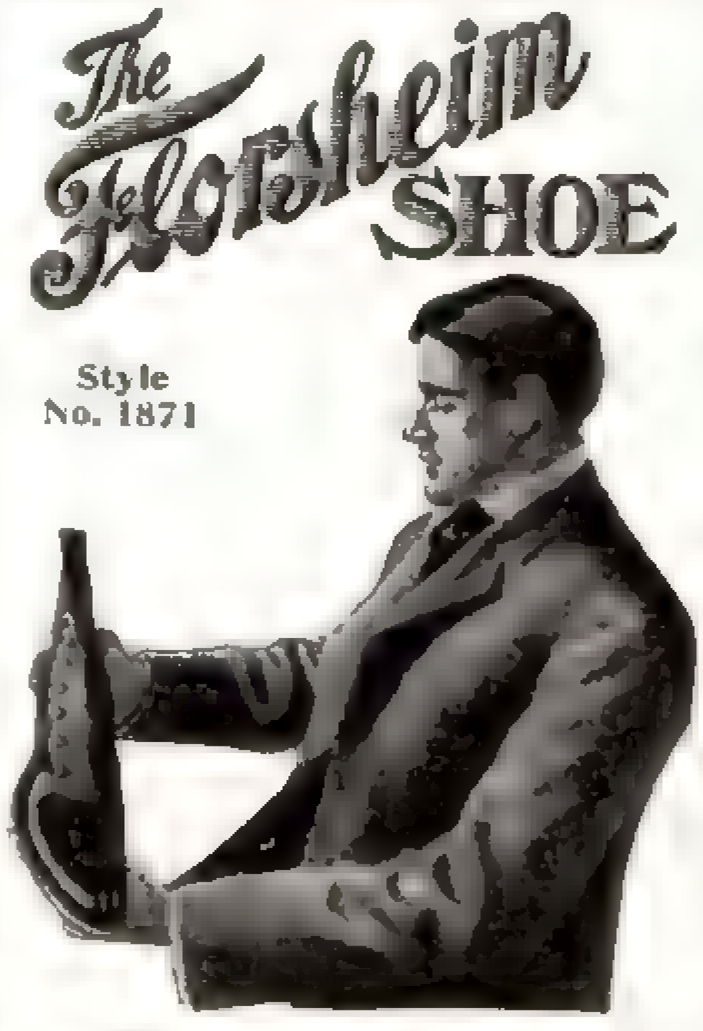

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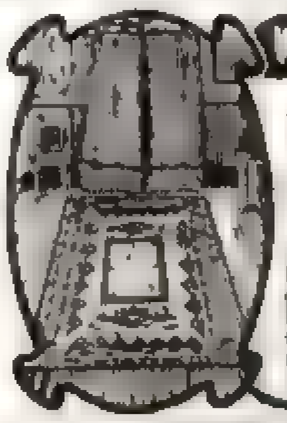

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MEMOIRS OF A BELL BOY

By S. E. Kiser

XIV

Once, when her instrument was workin' bad
  The operator hit it with her fist
    And nearly broke her round, soft little wrist —
I never s'posed that she could get so mad
When I told ma it seemed to make her glad
  She says a girl that looks as nice as pie
    Sometimes has awful thoughts: I wonder why
Ma's always knockin' so? It makes me sad

XV

Some people make me sick They act as though
  They'd leased this hemisphere See that boy
    there,
  The way he tilts his head up in the air
And struts around so everybody'll know
He's cut his second teeth. Now watch him go
  And ask about the telegrams. I'll bet
  Nobody ever telegraphed him yet,
Or if they did it's comin' mighty slow

When she was operatin' yesterday
  He leaned against the railin', lookin' wise
  And spoilin' blanks and makin' goo-goo eyes
I wish he'd pay his bill and go away,
Or that she'd slap his face for gettin' gay
  When fellows hang around a girl to buzz
  Her hours at a time the way he does
I wonder how they think of things to say?

Mike says he never seen a woman yet
  That hated men fer showin' them they'd like
  To take them in their lovin' arms and hike
Away to where nobody else could get
Mike says it doesn't seem to make them fret
  When men get gone on them — I guess I'll
    strike
  Out bold, because it must be so, fer Mike
He's had two wives, and knows a lot, you bet

There goes that dude again, confound the luck!
  I wish he'd get a telegram that said
  Some chap was comin' here to punch his head,
And he'd fergit how sweet she was, and duck
Mike says that when a fellow shows he's struck
  A woman hardly ever raises Ned
  Or seems to get to wishin' she was dead —
Gee whiz! he's went and give her chin a chuck

XVI

The Johnny's went away that got so brash;
I let his blamed old satchel fall and smash
  When him and me was goin' out the door;
  His razor and his brush rolled on the floor,
Mixed with his nightshirt and some other trash.
  He'd just smiled back at her and raised his lid:
  I'd hate to get let down the way he did
She laughed, and all the rest let out a whoop —
  I never seen a guy so mad before;
He got his things together with a swoop
  I guess he'll never be our guest no more.

I s'pose I lost a tip, but I don't care,
I'd rather have the chance fer gettin' square;
  What good is havin' money, anyway
  If havin' it don't keep you feelin' gay
Nor make you push your chest out in the air?
  I snuck away, out by the barber shop,
  And laughed so hard I couldn't seem to stop
Mike says that every laugh you ever laugh
  Is something that you're richer fer, and so
I gained about eight dollars and a half
  They called me down and nearly bounced me,
    though.

XVII

I wish somebody'd kick me through a fence;
I must be gettin' dotty: I'm so dense
  I couldn't see half through an iron gate;
  Why, any one could string me while you wait;
No wonder Morton says I'm shy of sense.
  A man arrived here yesterday forenoon
  Who seemed to be a fighter, and as soon
As ever I had spotted him I flew
  And grabbed his satchel and got useful. Say,
His clo's were great, he had on dimun's, too —
  I picked him fer a winner right away

It wasn't tips I thought of, understand
I hoped that mebby I could touch his hand
  I brought him pens and ink and things and
    stood
  Around to be as useful as I could
And let him see I thought that he was grand
  I'd like to bump my head against a wall,
  Because he ain't a pugilist at all.
I'll bet he never even seen a ring:
  He's just an author that is writin' books:
That shows that you can never tell a thing
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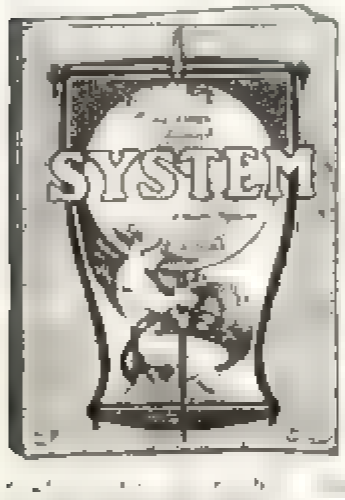

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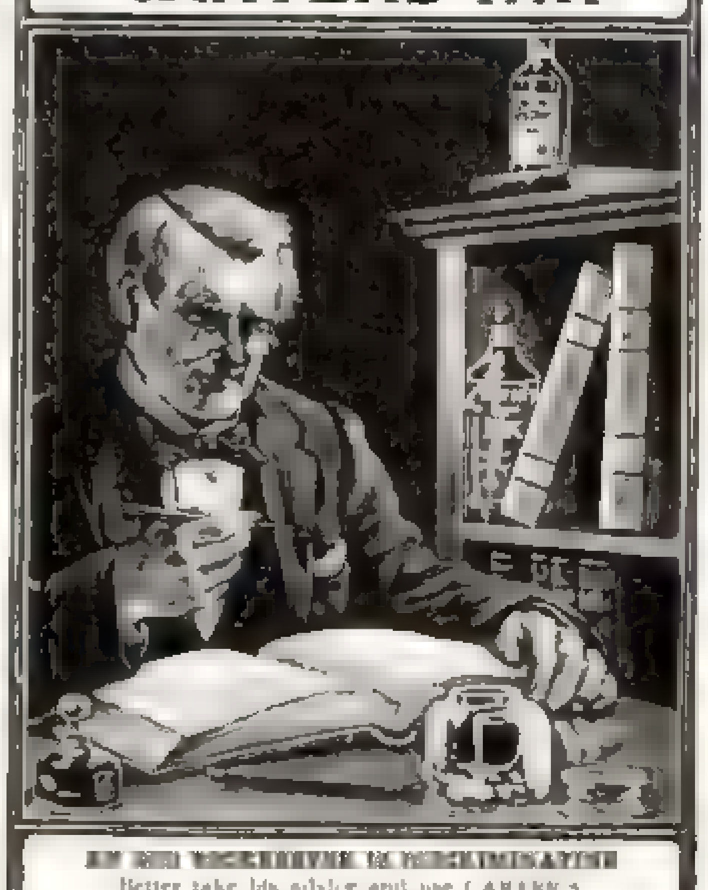
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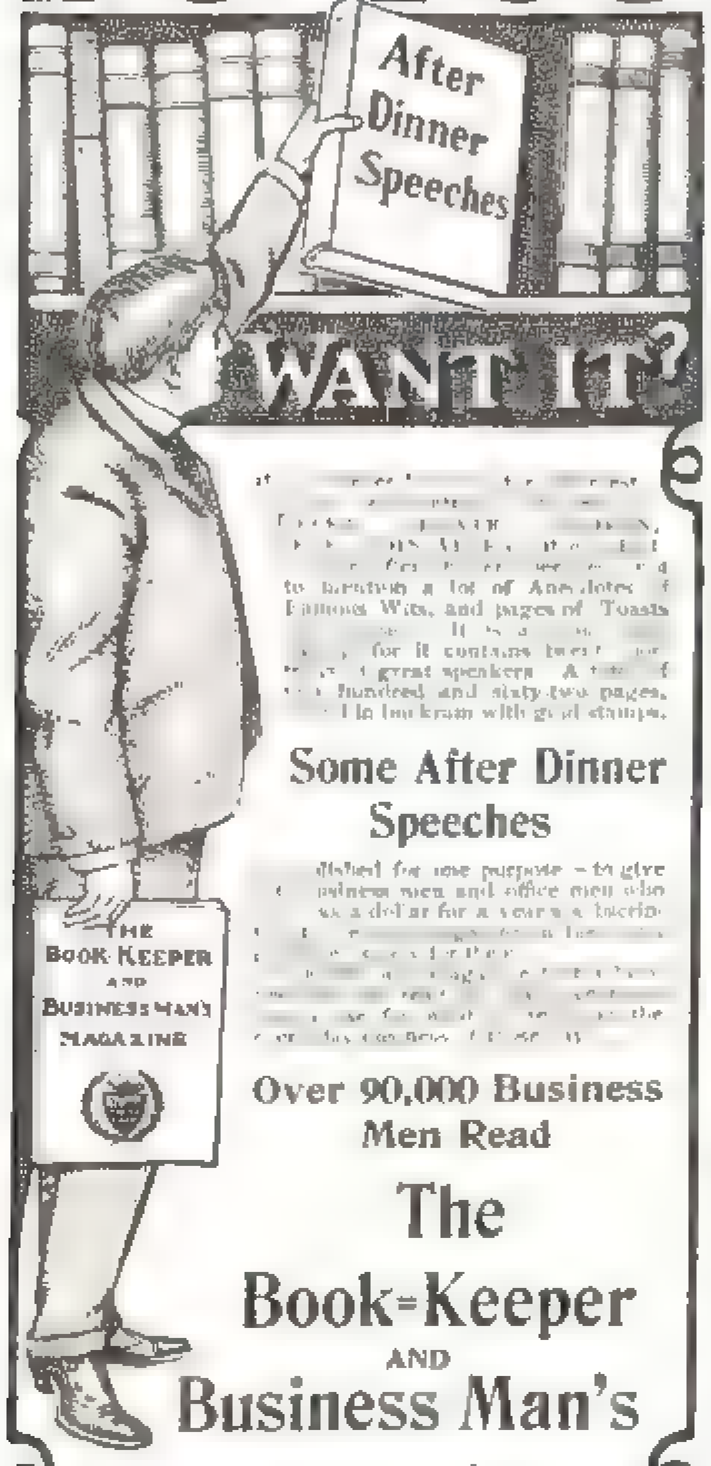
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Old Gorgon Graham

(Continued from Page 4)

over Percy. He didn't say a word for a few minutes, just kept boring into the young man with his eyes, and though Percy had a cheek like brass Ham's stare went through it as easy as a two-inch bit goes into boiler-plate. Then, "Take that cigaroot out of your mouth," he bellered. "What d'ye mean by coming into my office smoking cigaroots?"

Percy had always smoked whatever he blamed pleased, wherever he blamed pleased before, though Old Ham wouldn't stand for it from any one else. But because things have been allowed to go all wrong for twenty-five years it's no reason why they should be allowed to go wrong for twenty-five years and one day; and I was mighty glad to see Old Ham rubbing the sleep out of his eyes at last

"But, gov'ner," Percy began, throwing the cigarette away, "I really ——"

"Don't you but me; I won't stand it. And don't you call me gov'ner. I won't have your low-down street slang in my office. So you're the great bull, eh? the great bull in a china shop! The great bull calf, you mean. Where'd you get the money for all this cussedness? Where'd you get the money? Tell me that. Spit it out — quick — I say."

"Well, I've got a million dollars," Percy dribbled out

"Had a million dollars, you mean."

"And an interest in the business, you know."

"Yep, I oughter. I s'pose you hocked that."

"Not exactly that; but it helped me to raise a little money."

"You bet it helped you; but where'd you get the rest? Where'd you raise the money to buy all this cash lard and ship it abroad? Where'd you get it? You tell me that."

"Well, ah — the banks — loaned — me — a — good deal"

"On your face"

"Not exactly that — but they thought — inferred — that you were interested with me — and without ——" Percy's tongue came to a full stop when he saw the old man's face

"Oh! they did, eh! they did, eh!" Ham exploded. "Tried to bust your poor old father, did you! Would like to see him begging his bread, would you, or piking in the bucket shops for five-dollar bills! Wasn't satisfied with soaking him with his own million! Couldn't rest when you'd swatted him with his own business! Wanted to bat him over the head with his own credit! And now you come whining around ——"

"But, dad — —"

"Don't you dad me, dad-fetch you — don't you try any Absalom business on me. You're caught by the hair, all right, and I'm not going to cut you down or chip in for the funeral expenses."

Right here I took a hand myself, because I was afraid Ham was going to lose his temper, and that's one thing you can't always pick up in the same place that you left it. So I called Ham off, and told Percy to come back in an hour with his head broker and I'd protect his trades in the meanwhile. Then I pointed out to the old man that we'd make a pretty good thing on the deal, even after we'd let Percy out, as he'd had plenty of company on the bull side that could pay up; and anyway, that the boy was a blamed sight more important than the money, and here was the chance to make a man of him.

We were all ready for Percy when he came back, and Ham got right down to business

"Young man, I've decided to help you out of this hole" he began

Percy chippered right up. "Thank you, sir," he said

"Yes, I'm going to help you," the old man went on. "I'm going to take all your trades off your hands and assume all your obligations at the banks."

"Thank you, sir."

"Stop interrupting when I'm talking. I'm going to take up all your obligations, and you're going to pay me three million dollars for doing it. When the whole thing's cleaned up that will probably leave me a few hundred thousand in the hole, but I'm going to do the generous thing by you."

Percy wasn't so chipper now. "But, father," he protested, "I haven't got three million dollars; and you know very well I can't raise three million."

"Yes, you can," said Ham. "There's the million I gave you: that makes one. There's your interest in the business; I'll buy that for a million: that makes two. And I'll take

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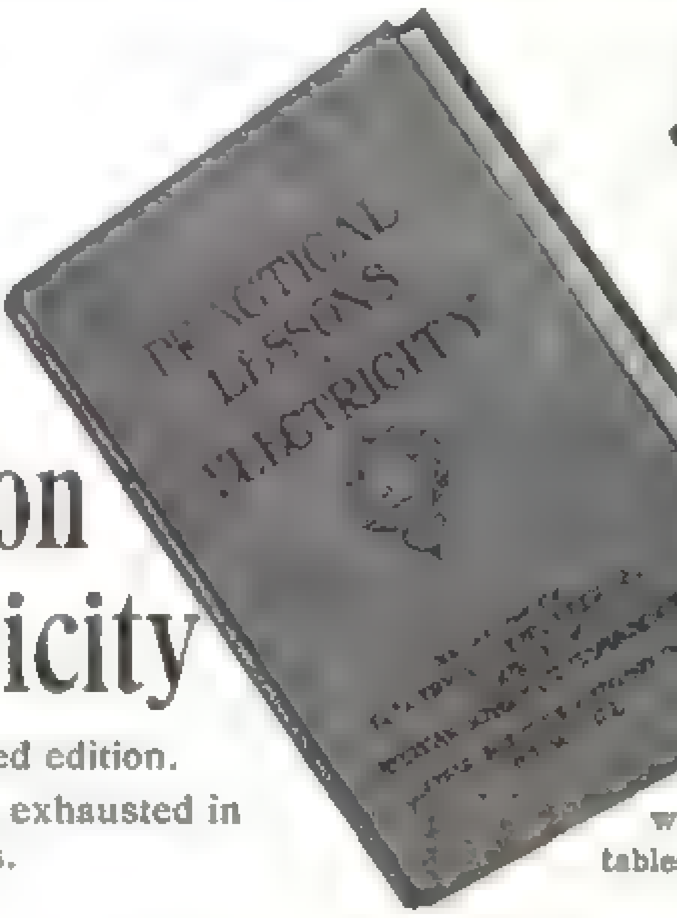

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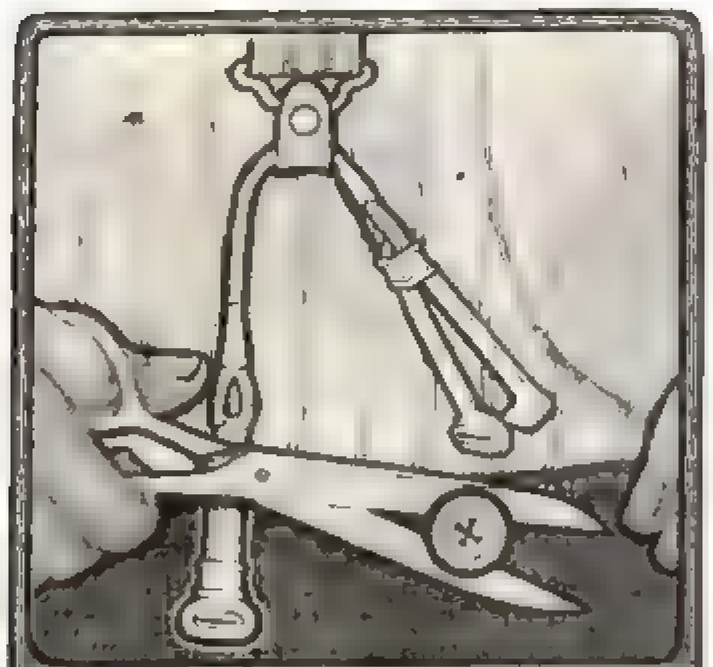

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your note at five per cent. for the third million. A fair offer, Mr. Graham?"

"Very liberal, indeed, Mr. Huggins," I answered.

"But I won't have anything to live on, let alone any chance to pay you back, if you take my interest in the business away," pleaded Percy.

"I've thought of that, too," said his father, "and I'm going to give you a job. The experience you've had in this campaign ought to make you worth twenty five dollars a week to us in our option department. Then you can board at home for five dollars a week, and pay ten more on your note. That'll leave you ten per for clothes and extras.'

Percy wriggled and twisted and tried tears. Talked a lot of flip-flap flub doodle, but Ham was all through with the proud popper business, and the young man found him as full of knots as a hickory root, and with a hide that would turn the blade of an ax.

Percy was simply in the fix of the skunk that stood on the track and humped up his back at the lightning express — there was nothing left of him except a deficit and the stink he'd kicked up. And a fellow can't dictate terms with those assets. In the end he left the room with a ring in his nose.

After all, there was more in Percy than cussedness, for when he finally decided that it was a case of root hog or die with him he turned in and rooted. It took him ten years to get back into his father's confidence and a partnership, and he was still paying on the million dollar note when the old man died and left him his whole fortune. It would have been cheaper for me in the end if I had let the old man disinherit him, because when Percy ran that Mess Pork corner three years ago he caught me short a pretty good line and charged me two dollars a barrel more than any one else to settle. Explained that he needed the money to wipe out the unpaid balance of a million-dollar note that he'd inherited from his father.

I simply mention Percy to show why I'm a little slow to regard members of my family as charitable institutions that I should settle endowments on. If there's one thing I like less than another it's being regarded as a human meal-ticket. What is given to you always belongs to some one else, and if the man who gave it doesn't take it back, some fellow who doesn't have to have things given to him is apt to come along and run away with it. But what you earn is your own and apt to return your affection for it with interest — pretty good interest.

Your affectionate father
JOHN GRAHAM

P. S. I forgot to say that I had bought a house on Michigan Avenue for Helen, but there's a provision in the deed that she can turn you out if you don't behave.

* * *

A Badge of Honor

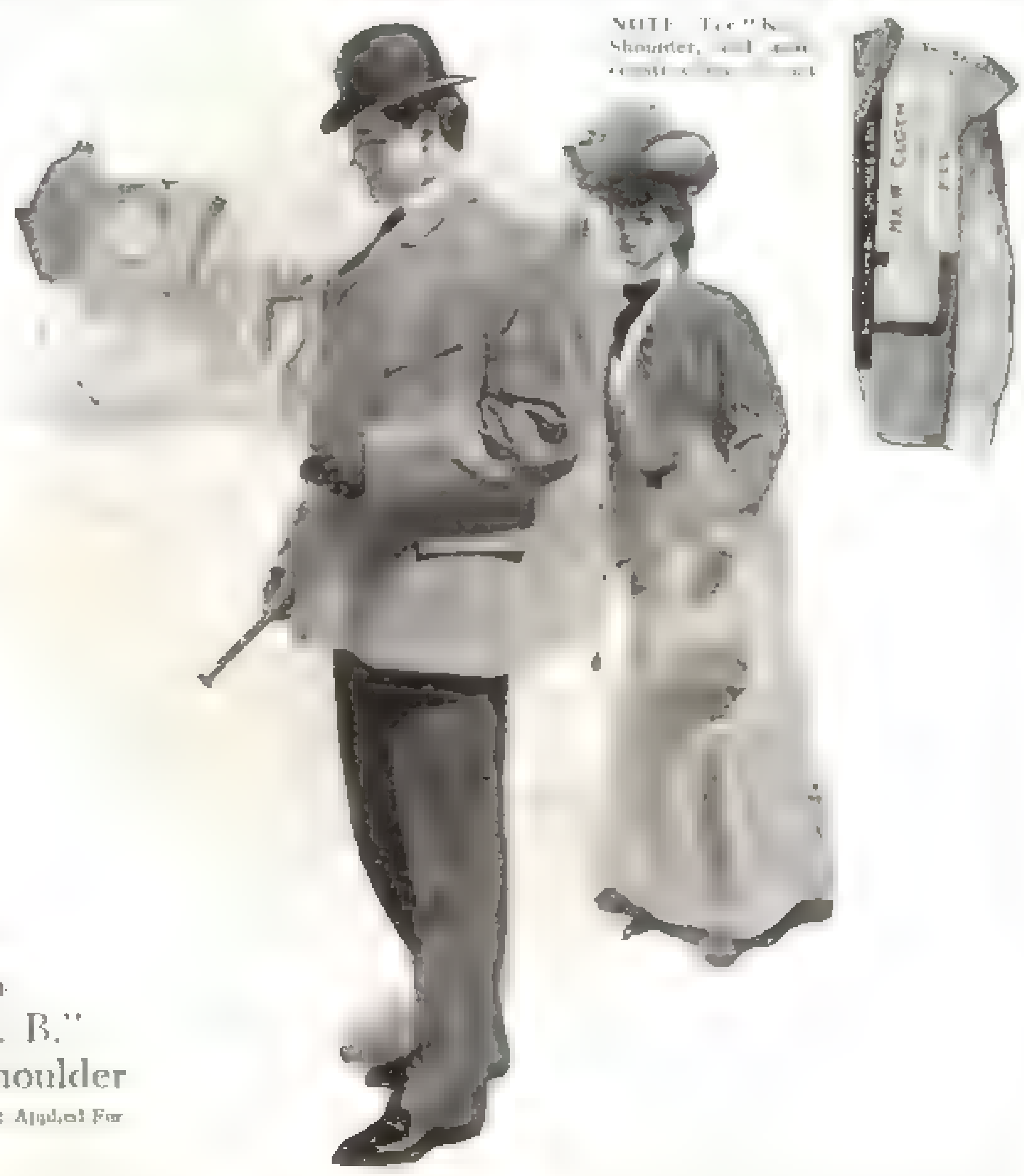
THE Honorable John Wesley Gaines, Member of the House from Tennessee, says that while in Paris last summer he met a fellow-countryman who invariably sported a huge blue badge bearing the legend of the National Democratic Committee.

"After a time," says Mr. Gaines, "my curiosity as to why my fellow-citizen should be displaying such an emblem got the better of me. So I asked him the reason.

"'Well, one day, at one of the big hotels I observed a number of chaps who got the best of me at all times. I bethought me that it would be a good plan to consult one of the waiters in the matter. This I did, paving the way with a tip.

"'A great light burst upon me when I was politely informed by the waiter that one of the gentlemen indicated wore the Legion of Honor, that the other sported the insignia of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and that the third was the proud possessor of the order of the Star of India. Gentlemen wearing these and other orders, added my informant, were invariably given the utmost consideration.

"'So it didn't take me long to drop into line. I dug down into my trunk and pulled out the badge you now see pinned upon me; and I've worn it ever since. Of course, none of our French friends has the least idea what it represents, but it's a decoration, and that goes with them! Since I donned it nothing has been too good for me!'"



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How Mr. Hickok Came to Cheyenne

(Concluded from Page 7)

as one might think, but in derision, and because Mr. Hickok looked like an agriculturist who had strayed from the fold.

"Got a potato ranch some'ers?" remarked the barkeeper. "Or mebby is it hay?"

Mr. Hickok made no retort as he paid the double price which the astute barman charged him. He knew he was derided, and he knew he was robbed; but, full of peace, he bore it in a spirit of wordless humility.

"Now, if that barkeep," he reflected, "knowed who I was he'd about hit three or four high places and be miles away."

Mr. Hickok inched toward a faro game which was raging in the rear. Though he had but one hundred dollars he bet the half on the "high card." The turn came, king-trey; Mr. Hickok's fifty were swept into the bank. Nothing discouraged, Mr. Hickok wagered the other fifty on the "high card." The turn came, deuce-eight. The dealer counted down twenty-five dollars

"How's that?" asked Mr. Hickok

"The limit's twenty-five," spake the dealer, and the lookout echoed: "Limit's twenty-five"

"But you took fifty when I lost," observed Mr. Hickok

"Oh! fifty goes if you lose," retorted the dealer insolently, and the lookout with echoing insolence repeated: "It goes if you lose!"

Then did Mr. Hickok rejoice because of a provident rheumatism that furnished him his excellent billiard-cue

Biff! bang!

Mr. Hickok tapped the dealer and lookout. They fell from their respective perches like apples when one shakes November's bough Having cleared a path to the feet of justice, Mr Hickok reached across and helped himself to a roll of money which, to quote the scandalized barkeeper who beheld the rapine from afar, was "a roll big enough to choke a cow!"

Having repaired his money wrongs, as that portion of the Cheyenne public then and there present fell upon him, he recurred to his billiard-cue. A dozen heads suffered. He fought his way to the wall.

"Now, everybody fill his hand!" shouted Mr. Hickok. With that his eight-inch six-shooters came to the fore

Mr. Hickok's goggles had fallen to the floor; his loosened yellow mane was flying like a war banner. Altogether, when thus backed against the wall, and behind a brace of Colt's best pistols, flowing locks, and eyes like gray fire, Mr. Hickok made a striking figure and one to live long in Cheyenne memory. Then one, sophisticated, yelled

"It's Wild Bill!"

There was no dispute over Mr. Hickok's identity. The public at once conceded it, and began going through doors and windows in blocks of five. Mr. Hickok, thus deserted, limped slowly toward the front door. As he passed the bar its once supercilious custodian raised his head above its sloppy levels and asked in meekness: "Mr. Hickok, will you have a drink? It's on the house"

It was the next afternoon; the Cheyenne marshal, accompanied by Mr. Bowlby, proprietor of the Gold Room Saloon, paid a courtly visit to Mr. Hickok. The marshal was aggrieved.

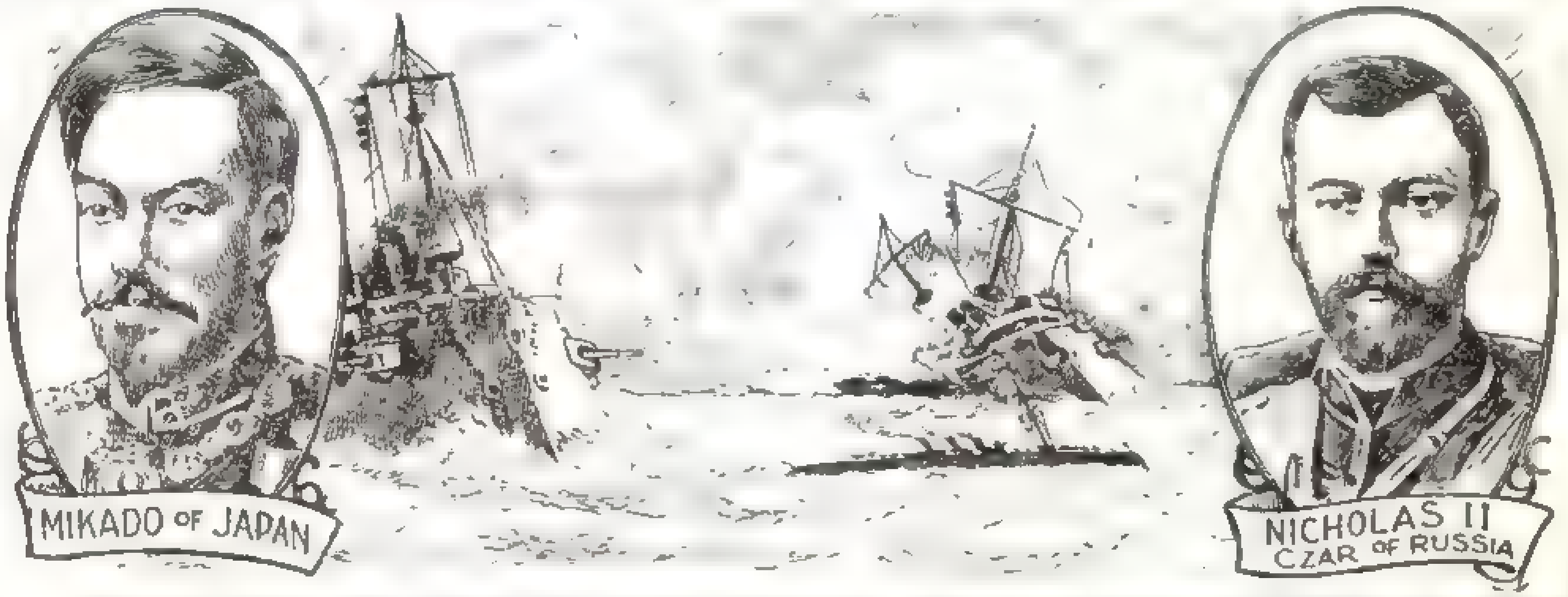
"You ought not to come ambuscagin' into camp that a-way," he remonstrated, speaking of Mr. Hickok's modest advent into town. "It might have got a passel of Cheyenne people killed—some of our best people, too. It wa'n't right, Mr. Hickok. Only it's you I'd think it bordered on the treacherous."

"It ain't that I'm askin' it back, Mr. Hickok," observed Mr. Bowlby diffidently, "but I want to check up my game. Sech bein' my motive, would you-all mind informin' me how big a wad you got outen that drawer?"

"Which I shore couldn't say, Mr. Bowlby," returned Mr. Hickok languidly. "You see, I ain't counted it none as yet." Then, as one who arouses himself to deeds of friendly generosity: "But, Mr. Bowlby, I don't reckon now I oughter keep all that money. I'd feel easier if you'd let me split it with you."

"No 'bjections in the least," replied Mr. Bowlby politely

"Which I should shorely say as much!" exclaimed the marshal, in enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Hickok's liberality. "That's an offer good enough for a dog! An' now, gents," concluded the marshal, linking arms with Mr. Hickok and Mr. Bowlby, "let's go some'ers an' licker."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NICHOLAS II CZAR OF RUSSIA

The Asiatic Crisis

One of the greatest struggles in history opens with the Russo-Japanese war. Its outcome may change the entire map of Asia and maybe Europe. What likelihood is there of other nations becoming involved?

Michael Davitt, Irish Patriot and former Member of Parliament, who went to Russia to investigate the Kishineff atrocities, in the *New York Herald* and *New York American*, Feb. 15, said:

"Look up the history of the Crimean War and find how long Russia fought England, France, Turkey and Sardinia combined, to find out how long the Czar's army can stand up against Japan."

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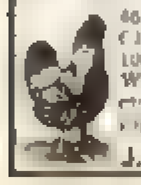

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The Singular Miss Smith

(Continued from Page 11)

cook vegetables, if you have a receipt book. I'm not experienced. I told Mrs. Lehn so. Didn't she tell you?"

"Not experienced! I should say so! What in the world did that woman send you here for? I don't believe you'll do for us at all. But wait"—Annie had risen with pleased alacrity—"I shall keep you for a week, anyway. Perhaps" (vaguely) "I can teach you. What is your name?"

"Annie Smith, ma'am."

"And what wages do you expect?"

"Mrs. Lehn said you paid twelve dollars a month; she said you would help with the cooking."

"Well, of course, I expect to *see* to things in the kitchen, but for twelve dollars a month *and board*—remember you are far better off than a factory girl in that respect—I shall expect you to get the meals, of course."

"What else do you expect me to do, ma'am?"

The girl's tone was respectfully inquiring, but Mrs. de Puyster-Jones' limp figure straightened itself with a little jerk. "The washing and ironing, sweeping and cleaning, of course. And I did have one girl—she was a treasure in some respects—who always made my bed and the children's and tidied the rooms."

"Why didn't she stay with you, ma'am?"

Mrs. de Puyster-Jones looked offended. "I don't think that is a proper question for you to ask. I am *very* particular about impertinence, Annie. *That* you must understand from the very start with me. I *never* permit it in my house—*never!* Gretchen would have been simply perfect if she had not been so impertinent and if she had been fond of children. Are you fond of children?"

"I don't know any children, ma'am."

"Don't know any children! What an idea! You must know some. Well, I have two children and I require my servant to be polite and respectful to them. Of course, children will be children, but if one is fond of them one doesn't mind that. You *look* good-natured, I'm sure—and, yes—clean. Mr. Jones is *very* particular about the way a girl looks. He really can't eat unless everything is just so. Have you ever worn a cap?"

"I've never worked out, ma'am."

"You haven't? Dear! Dear! Well, perhaps it will be just as well. You'll learn my ways all the easier—if I decide to keep you. Now, if you'll come upstairs and change your dress, I think you can wash up the dishes and scrub the kitchen—be sure you don't forget the tables—before it is time to get dinner. We have dinner at six, and Mr. Jones wants it *on time*. He is *very* particular about that. Oh, I forgot to ask how old you are."

"I'm twenty-seven, ma'am."

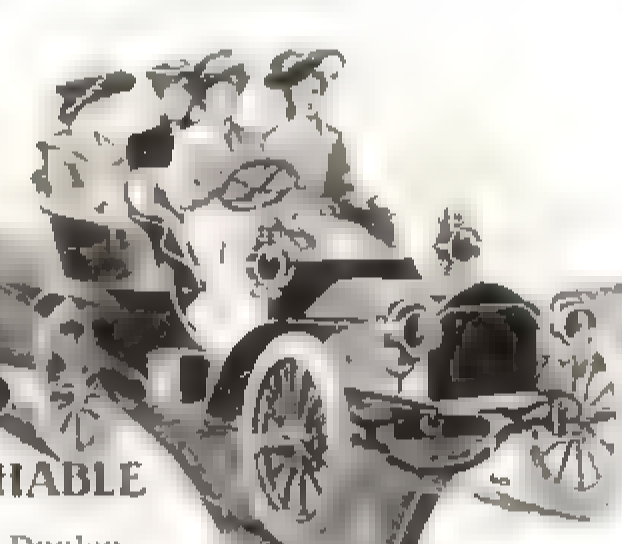
"Well, I declare; I shouldn't have said so old. Have you any followers? I'm very particular about followers."

"Do you mean beaux, ma'am? No, I haven't one."

"I'm *thankful* to hear that; I don't permit followers. You never can tell but what they may be burglars. I always feel uneasy if there is a man in the kitchen. But at your age you probably won't have any. Now, we'll go right upstairs."

Mrs. Jones led the way, her progress being somewhat delayed by copious explanatory notes. "These stairs are shamefully dirty; in fact the house hasn't seen a broom for over a week. My health is delicate—very delicate. I'm almost a nervous wreck, the doctor tells me, and of course when I'm out of a girl I don't pretend to keep the work up. But you can get up early tomorrow morning and clean up the worst of it before breakfast, can't you? I do hope you are the kind that wakes up without being called. Besides, the alarm-clock is broken. I do believe I've bought two dozen alarm-clocks if I've bought one; but my girls have been so fearfully careless, dropping them about as if they were five-cent pans."

The lady of the house paused breathless at the foot of the second flight. "Stairs almost kill me," she observed plaintively. "I never come up here if I can help it; the stairs are so steep and my heart is weak; I'm subject to faint spells. I do hope I can get rested up a little *now*. Dear! dear!" she



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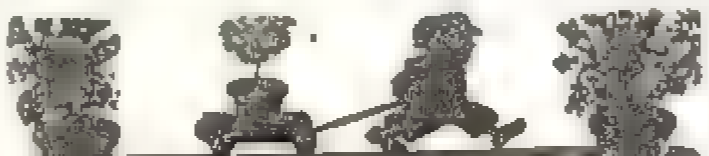

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added fretfully, "how this attic does look. The children have been playing here and they've pulled everything about. There, this is your room."

The low-browed door at the left yielded under the lady's touch, and the two entered. The one window was tightly closed. Anne opened it without apology or delay. "It does smell a little close," observed Mrs. Jones, glancing about the apartment with a shrug and a shiver. "But there's no heat up here. I declare I told Mary she *must* clean her room before she left, and she said she had. But the creature never told the truth if she could tell a lie. I'm really sorry it looks so. You can tidy it up some time to-morrow. I should have come up myself if I hadn't been so exhausted."

Anne's dismayed eyes glanced from the weakly apologetic smile on the woman's face to the rickety bedstead with its lumpy straw mattress protruding through the soiled and ragged sheet. A tangle of frowsy bedclothes trailed on the floor, which in its turn exhibited a motley array of crumpled ribbons, rusty hairpins, burnt matches, empty bottles, a pair of shapeless shoes, and divers toilet receptacles taxed to their uttermost capacity.

"Do you—expect me to—sleep in this room?" she asked in a low voice.

Mrs. de Puyster-Jones apparently did not hear the question. "Jam!" she exclaimed in a heart-breaking whisper. "My best raspberry jam! I thought it had gone fast. Did you ever!" The lady was pointing with a fine dramatic gesture to a plate and knife daubed with some reddish substance which had been thoughtlessly added to the collection under the bed.

"I do hope you're honest," she added, turning severely upon Anne. "Think of that wicked, wicked girl eating my best raspberry jam in this room!"

"I don't see how she could do it," murmured Anne, a wicked twinkle in her gray eyes.

"No, nor I," pursued Mrs. Jones with a sudden change of tone. "And that reminds me—are you a Catholic?"

"No, ma'am; I'm an Episcopalian."

"An Episcopalian! Well, I declare! I don't know as I've ever had an Episcopal girl. I had one Methodist, but my, what a temper *she* had! Actually the creature told me she would *pray* for me. And that same day she had the impertinence to slap Ethel's ears in the kitchen. Of course, I sent her flying that very night. At any rate, I'm glad you're not a Catholic—though, if you insist on going to church, early mass is convenient. Mary used to go and be back before we were up on Sunday morning. Do you go to church?"

"Sometimes," said Anne doubtfully.

"Well, I hope you're not *too* rigid about it, because we have a good deal of company on Sunday—friends from the city, you know. We always lived in the city till a few years ago; then Ethel was so delicate that we moved out here. Now I guess I'll go down. Change your dress as quick as you can. You've a working-dress in your bundle, I suppose. By the way, did you send your trunk here?"

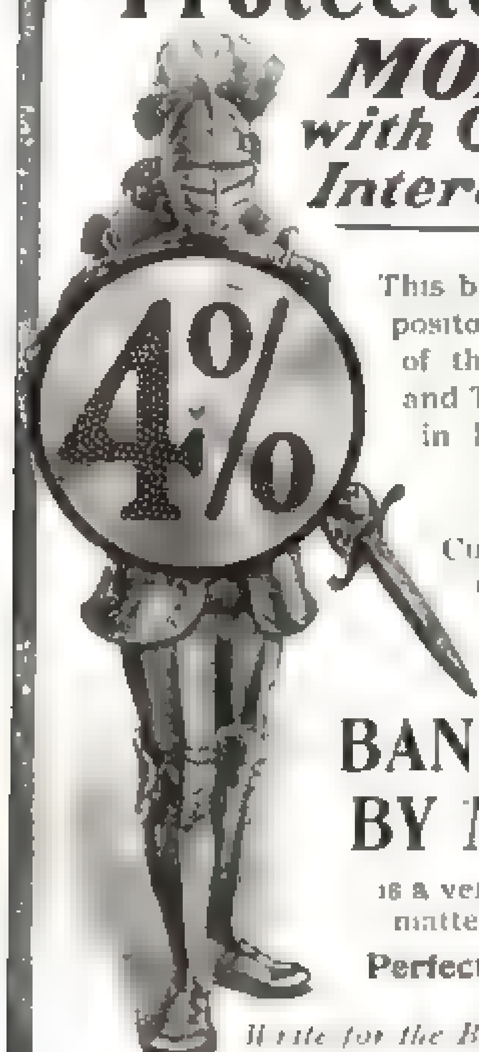
"No, ma'am; I thought——"

"You thought you'd see how you liked me, I suppose. Actually one girl told me that right out. The impertinence of it. Well, I'll tell you one thing: if you do what's right you'll get along nicely with me. I'm not a bit hard on a girl. In fact I'm *very* considerate—too considerate, Algy—I mean Mr. Jones—says. Mr. Jones believes in being right up and down about everything. But that's the way with business men. Now, come down as soon as you possibly can and I'll tell you about dinner."

At eleven o'clock that night Anne Smith inscribed the following brief sentences in her notebook: "Why does the American woman of the laboring class decline to enter domestic service? Can the answer to this question be sought in the person of the American mistress?"

This done she lay down on the rickety bedstead with an air of grim determination. "The sense of smell is the most spiritual of all the senses," she quoted as she put out the light. "I will now concentrate on the tip of my nose and produce the odor of violets."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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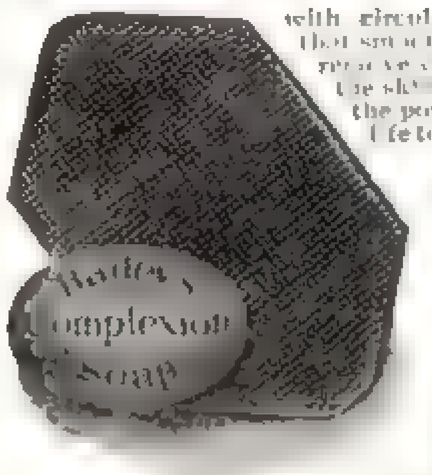

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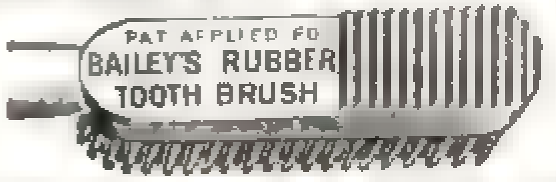

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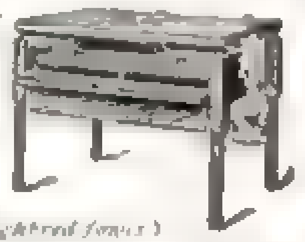

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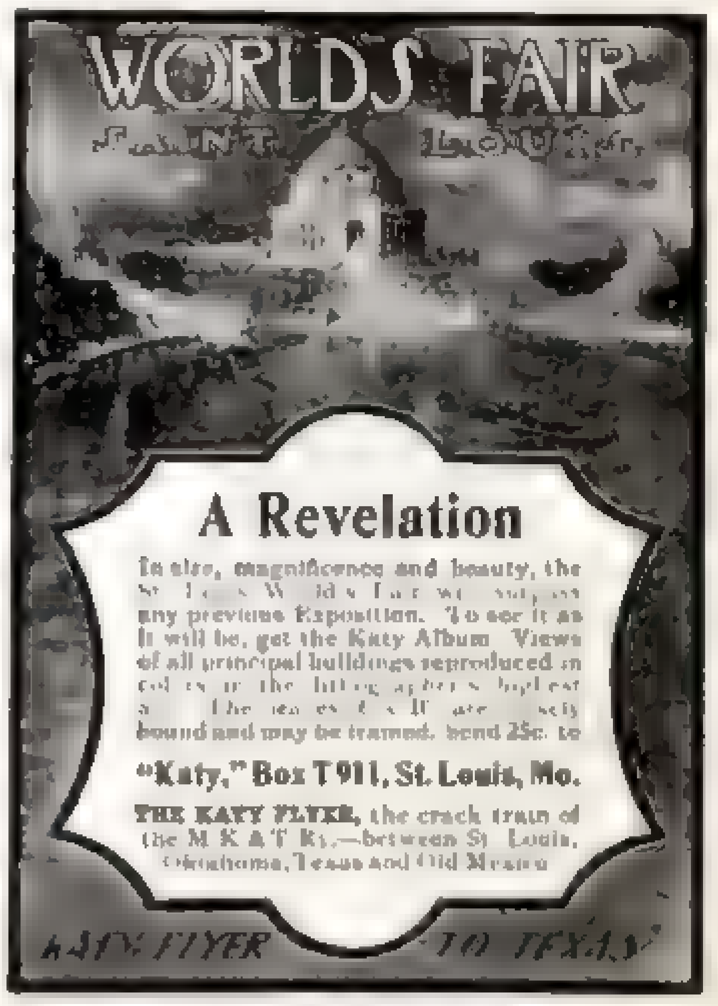

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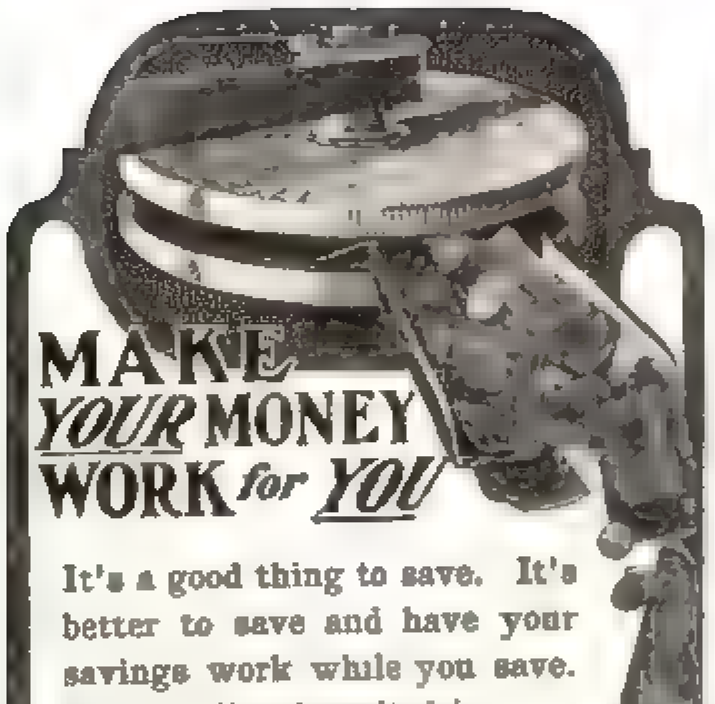

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Where the Money Came From

(Continued from Page 9)

power. The father had been given vastly the better mental endowment. Yet, where he had thought in hundreds of miles, within ten years the son was thinking in thousands. The "Vanderbilt System" was mapping itself out in his brain long before it was mapping itself half across the continent. He seemed first mentally to assimilate a new road, then to buy or build it. He had fully philosophized it, knew all its peculiarities, what it ought to do and how best to make it do it. He had not been a year at the head of affairs before he had acquired the Canada Southern. In another year he had added the Michigan Central. Each alone was of almost as great a mileage as the Commodore had managed singly at any time in his life. A year later he had taken over the Michigan Southern. Emerging triumphant from the great westbound freight war with the Erie, he bought the Nickel Plate, and had still another route to Chicago. Ohio and Indiana he covered with the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. He moved south along the Mississippi Valley with the New York, Chicago and St. Louis. He went into the wheat country with the Chicago, St Paul, Minneapolis and Cleveland. He did not speculate, but he got control of the Chicago and Northwestern with a suddenness that bereft the speculating Gould of several millions. And he gave that financier another frightful wrench when he made himself master of the Philadelphia and Reading. In the mean time a dozen smaller roads had been welded into the "System." He got the open door into every great agricultural and manufacturing region in the North and Middle West. Always, too, he was focusing traffic upon New York. The West Shore, the alternative route down the Hudson Valley, became a part of his "System" only a week before his death

Yet again there impelled him no hunger for possession, no grandiose and irresponsible megalomania. Before it was added, each new road had become a necessity. Every link left open reached out to lock itself to another. And, above all, the second Vanderbilt still "wanted to see things taken hold of and properly managed."

Not that he was any altruist, however. He was absolutely hard-headed, the business man in the most uncompromising sense of the word. On the day when he came into possession of the four thousand miles of the Chicago and Northwestern, it is said that he found himself taking luncheon beside one of his checking clerks. On both their bills was a like overcharge. The clerk, with magnanimity, could not bring himself to speak of the trifle. Vanderbilt called the waiter's attention to the imposition very pointedly. To the clerk he observed with politeness: "No doubt *you* can afford it."

In the early eighties he made the first experiment of a really fast train to Chicago. It was found to be running at a loss. Vanderbilt gave notice that he was going to take it off again. He was interviewed upon the subject. "But the public find it very convenient and useful," argued the reporter. "You ought to accommodate them."

"'The public!' said Mr. Vanderbilt. "If they want it why don't they patronize it and make it pay? That's the only test I have as to whether a thing is wanted or not—does it pay? If it doesn't pay I suppose it isn't wanted."

"Are you working," persisted the reporter, "for the public or for your stockholders?"

"The public be d——d!" said Mr. Vanderbilt; "I am working for my stockholders! If the public want the train why don't they support it?"

It is not pleasant language, but it is the universal expression of the business attitude. And as long as the American people elect to have great public utilities managed for any one individual or group of stockholders it is the natural and inevitable attitude.

In another and a very real way he did show regard for the public interest. With his father's fortune there had come to him the bulk of the stock of the New York Central, four hundred thousand shares in all, representing fifty-two millions of dollars. And, as he reasoned, if anything should happen to him there might follow general panic and loss; it was too great a consideration to hinge

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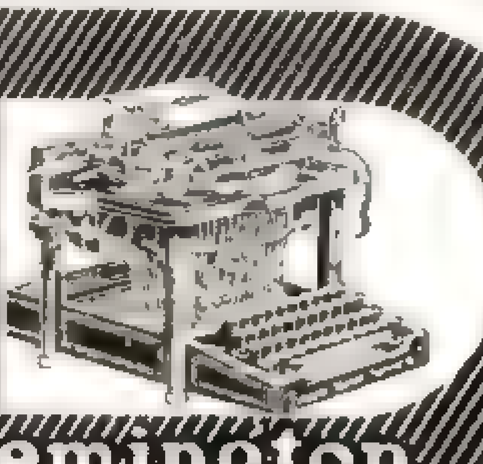

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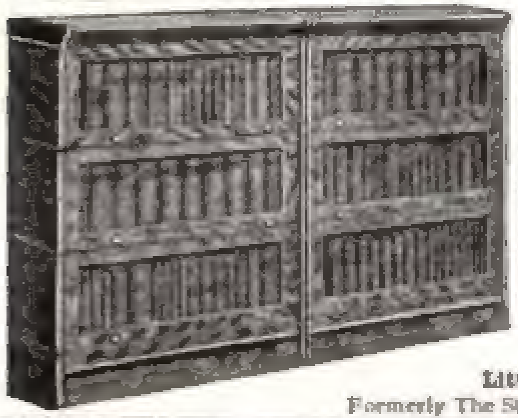

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upon any one life. In 1879 he sold two hundred and fifty thousand shares of it to a banking and broking syndicate, by whom it was gradually put upon the market. And to do that he had to sell it at a good ten points below its market value.

The "System" was earning him millions of money. In the seven years of his activity he had made twice what his father made in seventy. Yet he seemed always to look upon his fortune as a trust in the old and worthy sense of the word. He kept a margin of more than forty millions of ready money—most of it in Government bonds—and, in the words of Russell Sage, "being quite accustomed to handle such sums, he could accomplish almost any effect he chose." Yet his proudest business boast was that he was no Wall Street man. "I buy, but I don't sell," he used to say. He never did anything on less than a twenty per cent. margin, and he never "sold short" at all.

He was the guardian of manifold interests. It has been said that he did the actual work of twenty men. He took the responsibility of a thousand. Between the two he worked himself to death. In all his instincts he was domestic; he loved his children intensely. Yet for months he was under a concentration of labor in which he forgot their names, even as the old, uncaring Commodore had done. But it is certainly true that the man was not working for his own pleasure. For the most part we labor on this earth with as blind an instinct as that which sends us to our food and bed; but no less instinctively we seek to make our work our happiness. The control of every mile of railroad upon earth could not have given the second Vanderbilt the kind of happiness he wanted. He was always wistfully sighing for his Staten Island farm. His face was not more reminiscent of some great English squire than were all his natural sympathies. He liked dogs, cattle, the smell of fresh earth. He loved a fast trotter better than a thousand fast trains. When he could get an afternoon off he used to "go up the road," which signifies the old Harlem Lane above McComb's Dam, the unofficial Speedway of those days. And there he drove his spider-wheeled top wagon at a clip which, when it was ended by his death, plunged all the roadhouses in tears from Delaney's place to Johnny Barry's.

One day, when driving Lady Mac at a 2:20 gait, he was pitched out on his head. "Is the mare hurt?" he gasped when they brought him back to consciousness. The fierce joy the Commodore used to get from his bloodthirsty corners had been replaced in the son by something kindlier and more sportsmanlike. For the duel to the death with bowies had been substituted the exhibition bout with foils.

He had finer tastes than those of the stable, too. Travel had more than common allurement for him. But very rarely could he get nearer it than a run across the Atlantic and the voyage back in the same steamer. His love of pictures, too, had grown steadily. And, as the present gallery in the New York Museum of Art should prove, it was the crassest stupidity on the part of the cartoonists which represented him as buying by the yard or by the dozen. "It may be a very fine picture," he was wont to say to his adviser, Mr. Avery; "but until I can appreciate its beauty I shall not buy it." Troyon was attacked by the critics for the attitude of some of his oxen as they turned to leave the field. Vanderbilt came earnestly to his support. "I have seen the same thing on my own farm a hundred times," he said. The Sower, perhaps his greatest picture, was acquired when Millet was only beginning to be recognized. Its buyer was attracted by the great, vigorous truth of the man's poise and gesture. It is not wholly artistic criticism, but it is wholly honest. And it made his gallery infinitely the best collection of modern paintings in America.

He had been trained to look at life from the business standpoint. Undoubtedly he felt that, because he had earned his money, it belonged to him. Yet, on the other hand, next to the old sharp fence-rail joke, he enjoyed giving a timid artist twice what he had asked for a picture. In his actual charities, though, he was always rather sly and underhand. At his death it was found that he had been carrying along a ragged brigade of pensioners whom no one had ever heard of before.

The story that will best show the kind of man he was is the story of his business relations with General and Mrs. Grant. But it is something to be touched upon very glancingly and tenderly. The old hero, used simply as a cat's-paw by a rascally partner, came to Vanderbilt to ask the loan

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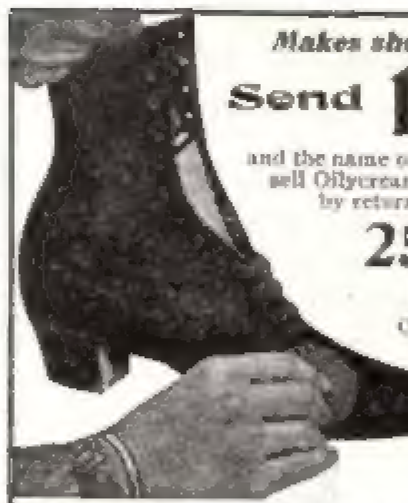

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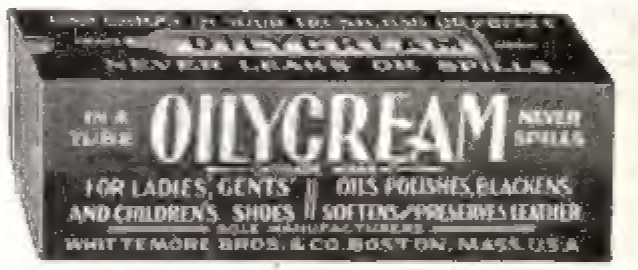
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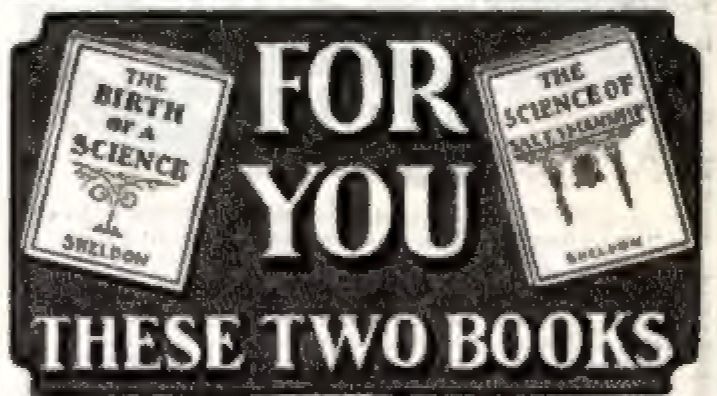

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of $150,000 for one day. It was given him without question or security. The next morning the partner — one of those "young Napoleons of finance" whom we have always with us — announced the failure of the firm. Then began a pitiful attempt on the part of the General to repay the lender by deeding him all his personal property, his household effects, his gifts from all the world — even his swords and medals. Vanderbilt, wrung to the heart, would not hear of it for a moment, and cast about to see how he might save a pride so wretchedly smitten. But the ex-President would hear of no denial, and when refused again he turned his belongings over to his attorney with orders to sell them. Vanderbilt bid them in. And then, in the most sophistical of letters, he wrote Mrs. Grant gravely informing her that, as the debt had now been paid, he was therewith finally closing the matter by returning to her the deeds, mortgages and like unimportant papers; as for the personal treasures, if she would allow him, he should like to make a request as to their final disposal — "that at the General's death they should be forwarded to the Government at Washington, where they would remain as perpetual memorials of his fame and of the history of his time." By the oddest coincidence it was known that the above was the disposition which the Grants had intended to make of their treasures themselves.

And that specious epistle did all but deceive the good old lady. The General, however, would have none of it. Vanderbilt had to take other tactics; and, indeed, at a time when his health had broken down for good, he afflicted himself with more pains and worry to keep from taking that money back than ever he had to make a hundred times as much. He so managed it, too, that, although in the end it was a compromise, with only the Government the gainer, no man's pride was hurt. The multimillionaire had acted very like a Chevalier Bayard.

Yet he did not belong to the philanthropist class, but frankly to a lower one. He was a worker, a builder — in no uncertain way a ruler. The first of the Vanderbilts had founded his empire as firmly as any one man can found an empire. Yet his death was followed by an anxiety that amounted to panic. In seven years more this second of the line had not only trebled the extent of that empire, but had so steadied, unified and consolidated it that at his death there was no ruffle of disturbance. In the world of political empires it was as if Napoleon had, in 1814, been succeeded by an Augustus.

If simple in all his ways, too, William H. Vanderbilt plainly regarded himself as the second of a dynasty. With the 16,000-mile demesne of his railroad system he completely identified himself. His private secretary was also the treasurer of the New York Central. His regular morning talks with his two elder sons were upon the subject of railroad administration. The Commodore had chosen a single heir to succeed him. William H., while leaving to each of his children ten million dollars and a Fifth Avenue house, divided one hundred and fifty millions between Cornelius and William K. And with the former was placed the balance of wealth and responsibility. "If the Vanderbilt fortune is not held in common like the Rothschilds'," says one of the family counselors, "it is under a system of control as a unit by the elder brothers." It was a kind of primogeniture invented by William H. In order that the consolidation of his "System" might be maintained, he consolidated the family.

But, in judging him, let us cast aside all talk of empires and of millions of dollars. Those things are what Carlyle has fittingly described as "clothes." "There be three things," says Bacon, "which make a nation great and prosperous: a fertile soil; busy workshops; and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place." If the last of the three is not to be crossed out, the second Vanderbilt does not deserve ill from his country. In another land and with a different training he might have gained entrance to the earthly pantheon as a second-rate artist or, perhaps, even as a landscape gardener of the highest class. As it was, he was a toiler and won his place among the world's great artisans. If you say that he was working for himself — which is only a half truth — I must answer that the greatest of artists have worked only for themselves. If you say that they were glorified by the guiding light of inspiration I must answer that leading this man, so many times a millionaire, was something very like the diviner light of duty.

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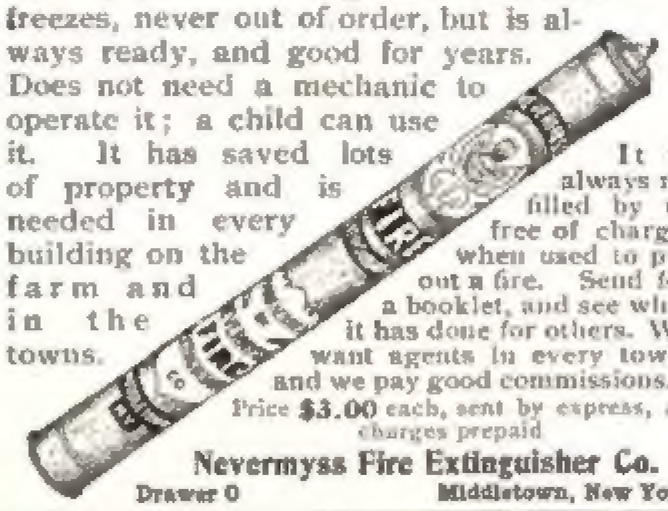

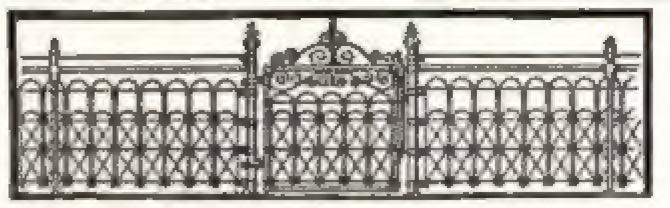

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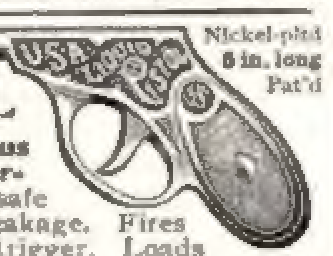

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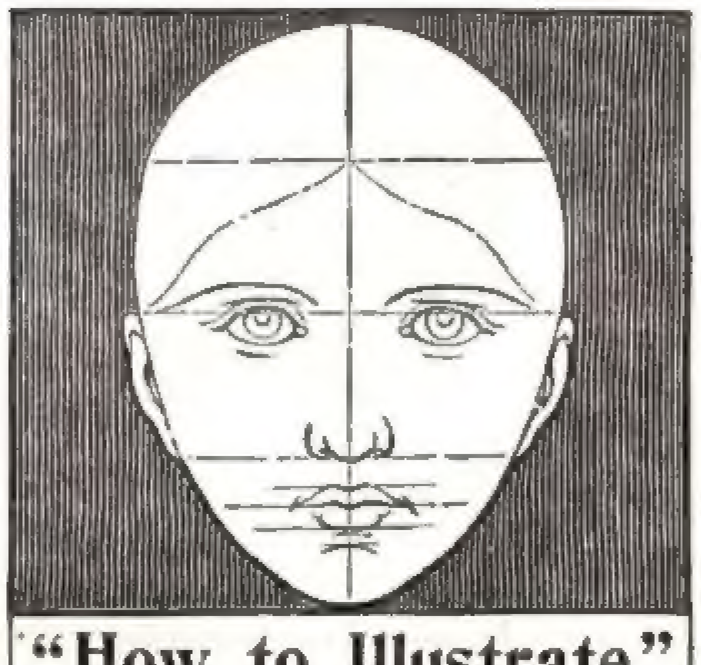

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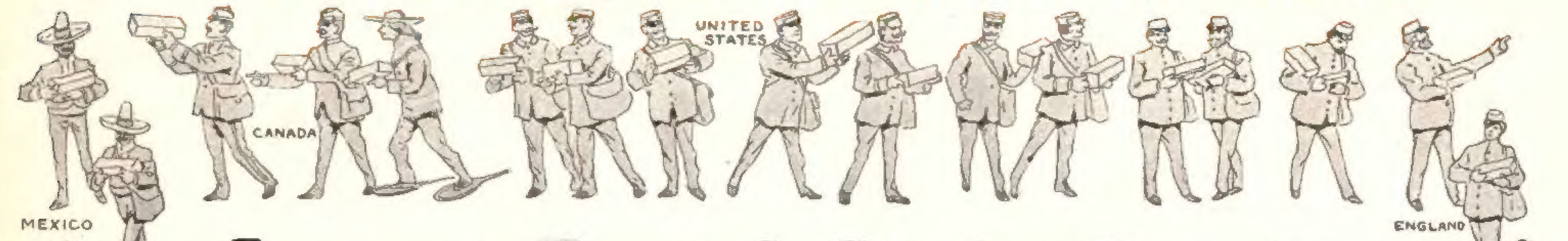

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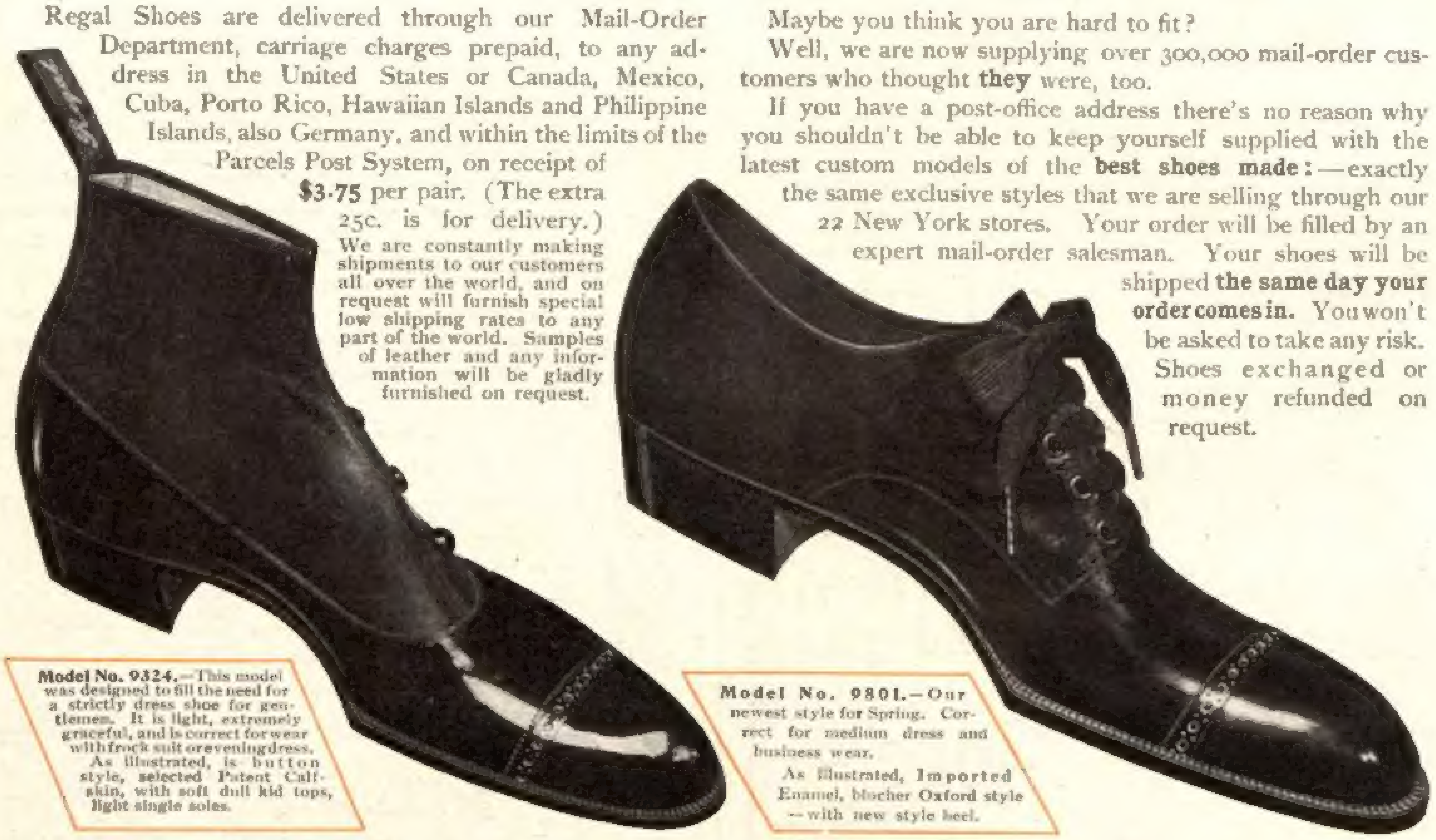

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